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No. 1746

OCTOBER 21, 1905

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	1091	The Ballads of Trafalgar	1108
Literature:		In Northumberland	1103
Mr. Shaw's Great-Grandfather	1094	A Literary Causerie:	
Medieval Travellers	1095	De Senectute—I.	1103
Broken Lights	1096	Fiction	1105
The Voyage of the Discovery	1096	Drama:	
The Days of Good King George	1097	Sir Henry Irving	1107
Patchwork	1097	Fine Art:	
The Butterfly Bride	1098	The New English Art Club	1108
The Bonnie Wee Croodlin' Doo	1098	Music:	
Haydon and his Friends	1099	Liszt: The Romance and Friendships of his Life—II.	1109
A New Test for the Higher Critics of the Old Testament	1100	Correspondence	1110
Bookmen's Books	1101	Books Received	1110
		The Bookshelf	1111

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THE LITERARY WEEK

AN occasional contributor sends us the following notes on editors. They were not originally meant for publication, but as they contained nothing offensive, we have asked permission to publish them, and received it. He says: "I have been reading the amusing reminiscences of Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, just issued by the firm of Constable, and have been induced to cast my memory back on some of my own experiences, by the reference he makes to some of the editors with whom he was brought in contact, particularly to Douglas Cook, once editor of the *Saturday*. As an old journalist I was interested to hear that in those days the *Saturday* sent all manuscripts straight to Spottiswoode, unless they came from an absolute outsider. Mr. Innes Shand says that Cook had the reputation of being 'fastidious and capricious in the choice of his contributors, and, as the cabman said of Foster, "a h'arbitrary gent." That, of course, is a very contributor-like view. The editor who sets himself to get the very best he can is bound to have the appearance of being fastidious and capricious to those who send him in copy, and the old *Saturday* would never have obtained the pre-eminence that it enjoyed for many years, but for its habit of ruthless slaughter of the mediocre as well as the hopelessly incompetent.

"As a matter of fact, I think editors are a badly maligned body of men. At any rate, my own experience of them has not been an unpleasant one, though, as you may imagine, it has included many curious varieties. The first that I had, when a raw lad just emerged from College, was what is generally known as a self-made man, who had amassed a large fortune out of newspapers and was extremely ignorant, yet had a fancy that he knew how they should be edited. Well do I remember on Friday nights, when he paid me the modest two sovereigns for which I was expected to write illuminating leaders for the benefit of a rural constituency—by the bye, I should say that he always took these coins from his waistcoat pocket—he never missed the occasion to put in a little moral with the commendation that was not withheld, as thus: 'There is one golden rule you should never forget, sir. It is that politeness goes a long way and'—this with a great deal of emphasis—'it costs nothing.' Again, he had a theory about a leader that was adapted to modern needs from the old rules of rhetoric. Hint the first was never to begin a leader with the word 'the,' but always to think of a striking phrase opening with a participle. Second, to incorporate in the work of art a little story that the other papers would be apt to quote, and finally to end with a sonorous trisyllable. If there had been a modern Swift to write a Guide to Leader Writing, instead of to Polite Conversation, he would have found in my first editor a mine of wealth. Even Fleet Street might have learnt something from him; one has but to look over the obituary notices of the late Sir Henry Irving to see what a master of hack phrase is the tombstone writer in the

daily paper. How often have we heard in the last few days that the deceased actor 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations' and 'died in harness' and, the 'full maturity of his powers.' While of course the 'well graced actor' has left the stage many times during the past week.

"I did not stay long with '£13 10s.,' as his subordinates irreverently called this self-made man, whose biography was one that the late Samuel Smiles might have delighted to write. My next editor was at the head of a daily paper, and still cuts a prominent figure in certain circles, so that I am prohibited from saying much about him. But one saying that he had is deeply impressed on my memory, and that was that in choosing a beginner he always preferred one who was brilliant to one who was only steady, on the principle, as he enunciated it, that 'you can always cool a man down, but you can never heat one up.' All this was in the provinces, but like many another budding writer, I was aiming at literature and, of course, London, to which I ventured as soon as one or two of the magazine writers had seen fit to accept some of my immature contributions. I was scarcely in the position of Mr. Innes Shand, who seems to have had introductions that carried him everywhere, but was thrown entirely on my own resources, and the time, I think, was one of the most amusing of my life.

"I never knew 'The Street,' as Fleet Street is designated by those who derive their livelihood from it, till much later in life, and then only as a spectator; and for this I do not know whether to be thankful or otherwise. The thriftless, happy Bohemian crowd who throng certain resorts on Friday nights, and keep their fast on Thursdays—probably they obtain as much pleasure in life as any class existing, though it is at the expense of many sad moments. There is a difference, which would not need explaining to those who know, between being an outside contributor and what Fleet Street calls 'free-lancing,' and it was the former vocation that I chose. A while ago, one who is now very eminent in the world of letters remarked to me: 'How we used to argue about the immortality of the soul over a cup of coffee and a cheap cigar long ago, and how proud each of us was when he had a turnover printed in the *Globe*!' I think a great proportion of those who subsequently succeeded in life began by writing those turnovers; and, indeed, it is no slight test of merit in the beginner to get one accepted. Here the guide for polite leader-writing is of no use: you must have something to say and say it in an interesting manner.

"But the youth with a faculty for spending a fair amount of money per week cannot afford to put all his eggs in one basket, and in the course of a few months I learned a good deal about editors. At that time Edmund Yates was still alive, and it occurred to me one day, on coming down the Strand, that it might be amusing to call upon him, though in truth in those days I had more knowledge of the flesh and the devil than of the world—at least the *World* newspaper. However, Edmund Yates received me most pleasantly, and as long as he lived I contributed occasionally to that newspaper. It seems to me now, and I think then, that Yates owed some of his success to that open mind which had been developed during his Bohemian years. Contemporaneously, Mr. Frederick Greenwood was editing the *St. James's Gazette*, and he, too, showed an equal kindness, though in a different manner. Many who afterwards attained considerable position as writers have complained to me that Mr. Greenwood used so to edit their contributions that they contained more of his own writing than of theirs. That was not my experience. Mr. Greenwood made many corrections, but each in those young, green days was an illumination as to the art of writing, and I never met any one who could more invariably place his finger, or rather his blue pencil, on anything that was off the spot. He seemed to know intuitively when and where you were not writing direct from your own

knowledge and experience. He was in every way the most helpful of all the editors with whom I had to do.

"Mr. Mudford of the *Standard* was another for whom I did a great deal of work, and my connection with him was the most agreeable that could be imagined. Mr. Mudford was in no sense a writing man himself, nor had he any knowledge whatever of the niceties of style and expression, but he had a robust good sense and a sagacity of taste that made him in some respects, at least in my estimation, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, editor who ever lived. He very seldom showed more of himself to his contributors than in that undecipherable line or sign with which his cheques were marked. Nevertheless on several occasions I had the pleasure of meeting him and of knowing a journalist of the old style, and one of the shrewdest and manliest of men. But these reminiscences, though agreeable to myself to recall, have, I dare say, less interest for you, or if they should have any interest perhaps at some future day I will scribble more concerning my experience with editors."

During the past few days a very important change has taken place in regard to the railway bookstall. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have so long been associated with this line of business that it comes with something of a shock to hear that on the London and North-Western and the Great Western lines their place is to be taken by Messrs. Wyman and Sons, who, after Christmas, will have the railway bookstalls on these lines. In regard to such a change it would be beyond our sphere to pronounce any opinion at present, as it is utterly impossible to forecast the effect it may have upon the sale and distribution of books, in which we are primarily interested.

The death of Sir Henry Irving recalls the death of Molière, his great forerunner. It will be remembered that the last rôle sustained by the French actor was his own *Malade Imaginaire*. Molière was unwell, and his wife begged him to put off the representation. "But what of all my poor work-people?" he questioned; "I should reproach myself if I deprived them of their bread for a single day." And so—strange irony of fate—he played the *Malade Imaginaire* when he was himself mortally stricken. The effort was beyond his strength. He was taken ill at the close of the performance, and died in a few hours. It is pleasant to recognise, in his consideration for those who worked for him, a trait which is known to have been also characteristic of Sir Henry Irving.

It is curious to remark how great a difference the lapse of little more than two centuries has made in the estimation in which actors are held. The Archbishop of Paris refused Molière Christian burial, on which his widow exclaimed: "A tomb is denied to one to whom Greece would have erected altars"; and it was only the personal intervention of Louis XIV. which overcame the Archbishop's determination. It was, of course, against Molière as actor, not as author, that the Church proposed to raise the objection, and, true enough, they had canonical right—of which they took advantage—to refuse him Christian burial; but it was, as a fact, Molière the author of *Tartufo*, this satirist of the "Dévots," at whose corpse the blow was aimed.

Prejudice against members of "the Profession" has not been confined to the clergy or to France. In the *Life of Savage*, written in 1744 (to take but one example), Johnson commends the humanity of Wilks, an actor, qualities which he is surprised to find "in that condition, which makes almost every man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal."

Sir Henry Irving's title was, as we all know, the first to be bestowed upon an actor. The French also hesitated long before rewarding histrionic talent with the Legion of Honour. When the question was first mooted in the 'sixties a comic song was written in which Napoleon was represented in his isle of exile, expressing his regrets in this refrain:

"Sans avoir décoré Talma,
Dois-je mourir à Sainte Hélène?"

That was at the time when the decoration of Samson was proposed. The Emperor consulted Prince Napoleon on the subject, and Prince Napoleon, in his turn, consulted Emile Augier, the famous author of *Le gendre de M. Poirier*. Augier thought the project feasible on one condition—that there should be issued a simple decree of two articles, running as follows: Article I.: All the actors shall be decorated. Article II.: No one shall be decorated except an actor. No doubt we have got beyond the days when such pleasantries were supported by public opinion.

To revert for a moment to the question of an Academy of Letters, referred to in the *ACADEMY* of October 7. The question which strikes at the root of the matter seems to be this. Supposing that we had an Academy of Letters, started under the best auspices and filled with the best men, would anything ever come of it? Would it, after the first blaze of publicity, fill any place in the national life corresponding to that filled by the French Academy? Matthew Arnold's idea was that such an institution would vanish before a flight of Corinthian leading articles and "an irruption of Mr. George Augustus Sala?" Experience and precedent seem to us rather to suggest that it would languish through the lack of public interest in its proceedings, and decline into a "hole and corner" Society.

Take the case of the Royal Society of Literature, for instance. It has its charter and its endowment. The French model was before the minds of its originators. The right men were originally connected with it. In the History of the Society written by Sir Edward Brabrook, one comes upon such names as those of Coleridge, Southey, Hogg, Hallam, Austen Layard, Crabbe, Lingard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and those, among foreign honorary members, of Thiers, Ranke, Guizot, and W. H. Prescott. It once had high aims, and got so far as to collect £580 15s. for the purpose of producing a Dictionary of National Biography. But its subsequent career may almost be summed up in the statement that it has never come to any good. There are people interested in letters who do not so much as know that there is a Royal Society of Literature. Among those who do know it, it is a "byword," and was indeed once so described in an indignant letter to the *Times*; and the reason for this is probably to be sought in our national indifference to Academies quite as much as in the failure of the members to recognise, and avail themselves of, opportunities.

Even the case of the British Academy is, in some respects, not dissimilar. It is a body worthy of all homage. No one can deny that its members are men of the highest eminence. At any International Conference of Academies it is qualified to appear with distinction. But the attitude of the public towards it is not in the least like that of the French public towards the French Academy. One can easily find educated Englishmen who know nothing about it. Very few educated Englishmen know whether any particular eminent man is a member of it or not. Membership is probably a more severe test of distinction than membership of the French Academy; but it does not confer anything like the same distinction, simply and solely because of our British indifference to Academies, and the declaration of a vacancy to be filled to-morrow would excite only a very limited interest. Academies which give exhibitions our public can understand, but it

cannot understand Academies of any other sort; and it would seem to be the fate of all Academies to languish if the public cannot be induced in some way to "play up to them."

An interesting fact which few people remember is that an Academy of Letters was within an ace of being founded some years before the French Academy started, in the reign of James I. The originator of the scheme was Mr. Edmund Bolton, a Cambridge man, of Trinity Hall and the Inner Temple. Villiers, Marquis of Buckingham, introduced him to the King at Newmarket, in 1617; and he shortly after delivered his formal petition for "a Corporation Royal to be founded under the title of King James his Academe or College of Honour," proposing, as he put it, "to convert the Castle Royal of Windsor, or, if not Windsor, what other place his Majesty shall be pleased to appoint, to an English Olympus." The King approved. It was arranged that the Academy should have a mortmain of £200 a year, and the details of its construction were settled.

These are interesting. There were to be three classes of members: *Tutularies*, *Auxiliaries*, and *Essentials*. The first-named were to be the Knights of the Garter, the Lord Chancellor, and the Chancellors of the Universities. The *Auxiliaries* were to be "selected from the flower of the nobility." The *Essentials* were to be men of letters. Their chief duty was to be to "authorise all books and writings which were to go forth in print which did not *ex professo* handle theological arguments, and to give to the vulgar people indexes expurgatory and expunctory upon all books of secular learning printed in English never otherwise to be public again."

There even exists, and is at present in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, a list of eighty-four suggested Academicians. It is a list thoroughly representative of the literary and intellectual life of the time, including such names as those of George Chapman, Michael Drayton, Inigo Jones, Sir Henry Wotton, John Selden, Sir Francis Nethersole (Public Orator at Cambridge), Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Robert Cotton, and Captain Bingham (the author of "The Art of Embattailing an Army"). That James I. would have founded this Academy if he had lived, seems certain; but Charles I., when he succeeded to the throne, showed less interest in the scheme. "It was too good for the times," he said, and let the project drop. Bolton meant to persist in his agitation. "I shall," he wrote, "as little give over the pursuit thereof as that most famous navigator did his proposition for the discovery of the world beyond the Atlantic Ocean." Soon afterwards, however, he too died, and that was the end of the matter.

Perhaps the best argument (though it is not the argument most frequently urged) for the establishment of an Academy of Letters in England, is that it would provide facilities, not at present existing, for the endowment of literature by the wealthy. The French Academicians, in addition to their other functions, act as trustees to a number of funds for the reward of literary endeavour. Every year it falls to their lot to award quite a number of prizes to promising poets, novelists, essayists, and historians. It is safe to say that many of these benefactions would never be bequeathed to literature if it were not for the existence of a permanent body like the Academy, that could be trusted to administer the funds. An English benefactor would not know where to look for a body of trustees of equal literary authority; and the consequence is that there are no such prizes for English men of letters as those which the French Academy dispenses. The omission is one to which it seems worth while to draw attention.

The life of Kate Greenaway, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, promises to be a volume of no ordinary interest. In the earlier autobiographical chapters it presents what is perhaps one of the most remarkable studies of a child's mind to be found in English literature. Her long and intimate friendship with Ruskin, and the letters which passed between them, provide chapters of singular charm and brightness. Some fifty of Ruskin's most characteristic letters, hitherto unpublished, reveal the author at his best—frequently amusing and playful, sometimes pathetic, always interesting. The illustrations—a leading feature of the book—are profuse as well as various; and with the exception of a very few, they have hitherto been unpublished and are therefore unknown to the public. The coloured plates include reproductions in facsimile of Miss Greenaway's most successful water-colour paintings of children, flowers, and landscapes, as well as of the scenes of her childhood executed by herself. Dozens of pen and pencil sketches—many of them originally decorating her letters to Ruskin and to her other friends—embellish the pages of the book: and portraits, views, facsimiles of letters and poems make up the list. Messrs. Adam and Charles Black have the volume almost ready for publication, and it will be published simultaneously in America by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The papers and correspondence of the late Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., have been placed in the hands of Mr. J. Newton, who has been entrusted with the task of preparing an authorised Biography. The book will be published by Messrs. Nisbet, and it is hoped that it may be issued to the public some time during the ensuing year.

Special interest attaches to a book about to be published by Mr. Murray: "The Life and Letters of Thomas Masterman Hardy, Captain of the *Victory* (1769-1840)," by A. M. Broadley and R. G. Bartelot. It was always believed that Hardy had destroyed his correspondence, until the recent discovery of hundreds of unknown letters. The work also throws some light on the two other "Dorset Captains at Trafalgar," Henry Digby of the *Apice* and Charles Bullen of the *Britannia*.

Mr. Murray promises shortly a strictly limited edition of "a special book for collectors," namely, "The Triumphs of Petrarch," translated into English by Henry Boyd. The type, specially made for this volume, has been shaped after the letters used by the most accomplished scribes of the fifteenth century. The paper has been especially manufactured in Italy, after an old Italian formula. The work will be bound in leather, blind-stamped with a fourteenth-century design. The cover is inlaid with bosses of antique bronze, bearing the Medici emblem. A full-page facsimile of an original illuminated page, and initials executed by Attilio Formilli of Florence, are among the beauties of this sumptuous volume.

Other volumes promised by Mr. Murray are "Reason in Architecture," by Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A. (illustrated), which endeavours to explain the development of the styles of Modern Europe by tracing it to national and social causes—and of which, we suspect, we have already had a foretaste in a most interesting paper in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*; Books 9-16 of Mr. Mackail's translation of the "Odyssey"; Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood's "Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville," a French Baron and Crusader of the thirteenth century; "Our Culture-Bearers in Central Asia," by Professor Vambéry, an attempt to balance the claims of Russia and England as the civilisers of Asia; the Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop), by Miss Anna M. Stoddart; and the History of the Papacy and the Nineteenth Century, by Dr. Frederick Nielsen, translated by Canon Mason and others; vol. i. Introduction,

Pius VII.; vol. ii. Leo XII. to Pius IX. The third volume, carrying the story on to the death of Leo XIII. is to be translated and published in due course.

On October 23 Mr. Unwin will publish as a shilling volume "The Red Laugh," by Leonidas Andreief, one of the most notable of the younger Russian writers. Though no work of Andreief's has hitherto appeared in English, several volumes of short stories by him have been translated into French. "The Red Laugh" is probably the most remarkable revelation of the psychology of war that has ever been written. The writer, it is claimed, surpasses even Tolstoy in grim force. The story is made up of fragments from the diary of a young officer who is sent home from the front with his legs shot off, and his mind affected by the horrors he has witnessed. He describes with terrible realism the sufferings and the ghastly sights of the campaign. One of the most horrible incidents is when he speaks to a comrade and asks him whether he is afraid; the other smiles with an effort, and at that moment is struck in the face by a shell and the smile is seen through a red mist; hence the title of the story. The unhappy writer of the diary dies, and the journal is continued by his brother, who is also driven to madness, partly by his brother's tragic fate, partly by the news which reaches him from the front. Often incoherent, like the work of a disordered brain, the book is one of the most moving things in Russian fiction.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have several children's books ready for immediate publication. "The Children's Christmas Treasury," edited by Mr. Edward Hutton, is a book to which a bevy of notable writers and artists contribute. Among the contributors are the Editor, Mrs. Nesbit, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Miss Evelyn Sharp, Miss Jean Archer, and Mr. Reed Moorhouse. The artists include the brothers Robinson, Mr. R. Anning Bell, Mr. C. E. Brook, Mr. H. Granville Fell, Mrs. Chadburn, Miss Winifred Green, and others. There are many full-page coloured illustrations. Two handsome books for older children are "Una and the Red Cross Knight" and "Stories of King Arthur." Both these contain numerous illustrations, the former by Mr. T. H. Robinson, and the latter by Miss Dora Curtis. "Una" is a collection of stories retold from Spenser's "Faerie Queen" by Miss N. G. Royde-Smith, and "King Arthur," by Miss Beatrice Clay, consists of stories from the "Morte D'Arthur." Another children's book has the attractive title of "The Fairy Bird and Piggy Wig." This is full of all kinds of quaint and curious, laughable and pathetic stories by Mrs. Chadburn, who has filled it with coloured and black and white illustrations, and designed a particularly effective cover for the book. Yet another children's book is entitled "Bimbo," and is written by Mrs. Young, Ph.D. It contains numerous full-page coloured illustrations by Miss Alice B. Woodward. The aim of the book is to explain to children the mystery of birth by the analogy of plant life first, and in the second part of the book by using the breakfast egg as an object-lesson, the whole told in the form of an interesting narrative.

The English Dialect Grammar, which formed part of the English Dialect Dictionary, is about to be issued in a convenient crown octavo form. As Professor Joseph Wright's great work, the English Dialect Dictionary, is now completed, it is to be offered to the public, through the booksellers, on the instalment plan, i.e., the whole six volumes will be delivered on payment of a portion of the published price, the balance to be paid monthly. This offer will only hold good until the end of the year, and until that time the Grammar will also be procurable at a reduced price. Particulars can be obtained from any bookseller or on application to Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press Warehouse, London.

LITERATURE

MR. SHAW'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER

The Irrational Knot. By BERNARD SHAW. Being the Second Novel of his Nonage. (Constable, 6s.)

IN the first half of the introduction which Mr. Shaw prefixes to this early effort he declares that he is "not now in any atom of me the person who wrote *The Irrational Knot* in 1880," and, further, that the boy of twenty-four who had just come over from his native Ireland to London was no more than the literary great-grandfather of the Bernard Shaw of to-day. Among the rest of the information he is good enough to offer is the statement that the book is "not wholly a compound of intuition and ignorance," and there follows an autobiographical chapter which does not concern us much. But immediately after comes the curious confession that in those early days he did not understand the British peerage, or "that glorious and beautiful phenomenon, the 'heartless' rich American woman," and so on for some twenty pages, in the style familiar to readers of Mr. Shaw. Then, characteristically, he breaks off—to resume at a later date—with an announcement that he has actually looked through the proof-sheets of his own book. Moreover, he has found that it is "a fiction of the first order." He goes on to define what he means by that phrase, which—to him—does not signify the presence of imagination, knowledge, sympathy, or those qualities which are usually considered to be the attributes of a great writer. "A fiction of the first order," it seems, is one "in which the morality is original and not readymade."

The difficulty is that we never know when to take Mr. Shaw seriously. With calculated perversity he very often lays down the exact opposite of the truth, and one doubts whether the argument which follows is backed by any sincerity. Were it not for this, it might be worth while to show that Mr. Shaw utterly misconceives the true nature of imaginative art. The briefest study of his work, however, tends to show that there is some serious conviction lying at the back of his amazing paradoxes. To use a hackneyed phrase, he has the defects of his qualities. Mr. Shaw's brain we conceive to be one of great force and activity working within very narrow limits. It is not often that we care to go beyond the printed page in search of the interpretation of any man's work, but in Mr. Shaw's case the outward appearance harmonises so perfectly with the work he has done that it is impossible to consider one without remembering the other.

It would be unfair to deny his title as a man of letters, since he has wit, scholarship, energy, accomplishments of many and diverse kinds: indeed, an exceptionally good outfit for literary work. But unfortunately for us as well as for himself he lacks those finer qualities which, if he but knew it, are essential to any one who claims to work according to the example of men of the first rank. For, after all, the fundamental requisite in an imaginative artist is that he should be an interpreter, and no interpreter would talk of "readymade" morality, or assert, as though it were an attribute of a writer, that his morality is original. Such a statement shows an entire misconception. According to Mr. Shaw's grotesque view Ibsen's work as a whole ought to be set far above Shakespeare's work, but of course the greatness of Shakespeare at bottom lay in his understanding. He knew, as Mr. Shaw does not know, that every man has a morality of his own. He may think that he bows to authority, he may apparently follow convention, but at bottom there are certain convictions in his mind which guide his conduct and which constitute his morality. When he acts in accordance with these inward promptings he is natural and sincere, though his naturalness and sincerity may just as well be those of Sir John Falstaff as of the melancholy Jaques. Of all the men that the nineteenth century brought forth Goethe alone was of the first rank in this magnificent and

splendidly true sense. Goethe knew, if he had not always the power to perform. In one of those jumbles of names which show that our author has no critical faculty whatever, he says: "Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Dumas père, are not, to say the least, less readable than Euripides and Ibsen. Nor is the first order always more constructive; for Byron, Oscar Wilde, and Larochefoucauld did not get further in positive philosophy than Ruskin and Carlyle, though they could snuff Ruskin's Seven Lamps with their fingers without flinching." The mixture is so indiscriminate as to be almost hopeless, and it really robs Mr. Shaw's claim to be one of the first rank of even the pretence to importance it might otherwise have possessed.

It would be somewhat of a waste of time to criticise, or very closely to analyse, the novel to which this portentous introduction is prefaced. It is an early attempt and it would therefore be cruel and unfair to apply to it the standards of a mature intellect; but we think that the publishers who refused it acted with critical judgment as well as wisdom. The objection that can fairly be taken to it is that the atmosphere is a singularly unhealthy one for a youth of twenty-four to have created. Mr. Shaw at times heaps scorn upon what used to be called the manly sports, and from the vegetarian point of view something might be said against killing game as an amusement. Yet we cannot help thinking that, if his early years had been devoted more to the rod and gun than to the stage and music-hall, he would have been able to produce a healthier and saner picture of life. A music-hall "artiste," afflicted with dipsomania, would scarcely be accounted a very attractive object in any circumstances whatever. There is, however, nothing in real life which is beyond the scope of art. A writer of experience might possibly have found for her a suitable place in his picture: but here we have a novelist in his youth apparently determined at all costs and hazards to show his familiarity with the grim and repulsive features of society. He claims to have followed his instinct, and all that we can say is that it was a very bad instinct which led him, not to portray life as it is, with all its sunshine and shadow, but to portray its seamy side. The part of midwife to the novel was originally played by Mrs. Annie Besant, who published it as a serial "in a little propagandist magazine of hers," and in itself it is propagandist and nothing more. The figures might be cast-iron for anything they show of the flexibility and mutability of human life, and they are exhibited, not by one who clearly sees and thoroughly understands the springs of conduct and the objects of endeavour, but by a youth who in his revolt against old conventions has already rushed into grooves of his own. On the whole, the author would have been well advised had he left it to its fate.

MEDIÆVAL TRAVELLERS

Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas His Pilgrimes. By SAMUEL PURCHAS, B.D. Volumes V.-VIII. (Glasgow: Mac-Lehose, 12s. 6d. net each.)

THE new volumes of Purchas are full of interest, and between the narratives of so many intrepid travellers it is not easy to choose. Perhaps the knowledge that these are books which can be dipped into at any time, always with the assurance that a new fact with an old face will disclose itself, is the best recommendation to the average reader, whilst scholars are already assured of the deeper value which attaches to the accumulated results brought about by a large number of assorted talents. "Nous suivons le même but," was the phrase of a great Gallican preacher, who strove to bring unity out of diversity, and much the same objective may be ascribed to these accomplished writers. But the most remarkable characteristic of adventures so remote from our own times is exemplified by the fact that though all things superficial have changed,

human interests widen only imperceptibly from age to age, and we can easily imagine ourselves fellow voyagers with Courthop, Hayes, Sandys, Nicholay, John Leo, and the rest.

John Leo, if credulous sometimes, is always entertaining, and his work has worthy accompaniments. No more felicitous dedication can be imagined than the preface to Leo's African itinerary contributed by Purchas himself, a "lowly orator" approaching his royal patron with humble commendation of "this Historie of Nature." "What may not Cowards doe," the industrious compiler asks in one of his quaint asides, "having a Lion to their Guide and Capitaine?" And the maps, duly reproduced in this edition, are excellent aids.

Leo sometimes apologises for his prolixity. But there is a modest charm about his style which draws the reader on. His prolonged journeyings extended from Africa to Asia, and no experience was lost on him. He plodded steadily through heat and cold. Of the "unpleasant and snowy places" of Northern Africa he gives a very vivid description. Though he fell among Arabian thieves who stripped him bare, and, obtaining no cash to reward them, "took his Horse, and committed him to the wide World and to Fortune," he succeeded in reaching Fez at last on a mule, thanking Providence for a lucky escape and ready for fresh experiences, which were not slow in coming to him.

One point is to be noticed. In the midst of barbarities to which witness is constantly borne, the rudiments of an ethical process, common to all races, are constantly in sight. Leo is always alive to this. Nor is religion lost sight of: many are the proofs of a genuine Christian influence to be recognised and encouraged. And the very tricks of men hard pressed to earn a living are not less instructive because modern men even more subtly indulge in them. It will be news to many that the process of hatching eggs by incubation is centuries old, though most travellers in Eastern countries are aware that camels are taught to dance in Cairo. Sandys, who travelled through Egypt with a discerning gaze, discovered stranger things than these. Andrew Battell, again, went further and fared better, in a sense, for, being of a warlike temper, he secured trade by securing respect for the gun; but always in a direct English fashion and facing the most tremendous risks. Leo's methods, however, appear more scientific than those of some of his predecessors and successors. His path lay through Morocco, and there, "gathering the harvest of a quiet eye," he found much to cheer his spirit and enliven his records.

Morocco has not vastly changed since his day. The signs are visible in many quarters of the ancient prosperity already in decay at the time he wrote, and Leo throws a good deal of welcome light on the nature and preoccupations of the inhabitants of that turbulent quarter of the world. On one occasion he found himself called upon to act as judge. Hospitality of a kind was freely lavished upon him, but before he could leave, it became necessary that he should hear and thoroughly decide "all the Quarrels and Controversies of the Inhabitants." A difficult task, for no suitor could write. But the work was persevered in for the space of nine days, handsome payment being promised. The reward eagerly awaited came at last, in the shape of nuts and onions. And Leo departed sadly, but alive to the humour of the situation. Experiences of another sort awaited him in Fez. Fez flourished in those days, in contradistinction to the city of Morocco itself. The observant Leo draws an admirable picture of Fez and its civilisation, tracing the history of the feud long-drawn between Fez and Morocco, and passing on to a minute description of the city itself and its neighbours. Nor are surprising revelations lacking.

At the present moment these accounts, especially of Morocco, interest not less those whose concern is with political developments than those who look to education and ethnology for the elucidation of pressing problems. We commend them to all. And indeed, throughout the narratives of the many enterprising men whose work

Purchas has preserved for us there always runs a conscious aim. We are confronted now by the horrors of Benin, now by the weird customs of kings and chieftains, now by the strange initiation ceremonies of wild and scattered tribes. No physical secrets are hidden: we see man as he is. And he is as he always was. But the result is a cheerful impression, and we begin to feel that on the whole the world is advancing. Purchas gives us history and science combined without insisting on either. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet"; but the unity of mankind, as of its interests, and the essential conditions of progress, are forcibly set out in these entertaining pages, to which we have done much less than justice.

It was a happy thought to include among the illustrations a portrait of Sir Thomas Button: there is about it a rare attraction, an Elizabethan charm. It expresses eloquently the strength which could take all risks and overcome all obstacles for the honour of England. But, indeed, no such additional testimonial is needed, for the volumes with increasing force and power speak for themselves.

We hope that the publishers are receiving the support they deserve for their well-planned and thoroughly executed enterprise. The twelve volumes of Hakluyt are, we hear, out of print; the twenty volumes of "Hakluytus Posthumus" contain a no less stirring epic of English heroism, and are at least of equal historical value.

BROKEN LIGHTS

Glimpses of the Ages. By THEOPHILUS E. SAMUEL SCHOLES, M.D. (John Long, 12s. net.)

THIS is a strange, mingled screed of wordy dogmatism and shrewd observation, poured out in a style bordering on chaos. Dr. Scholes has indeed "glimpses," but they are very fugitive, and before he can express them those "glimpses" are crossed by others, which confound confusion. A first reading of the "Preface," indeed, encouraged us to believe that we were face to face with a bold and brave adventurer. For Dr. Scholes does there manfully maintain, in face of much loud and blatant optimism, that we—that is to say, mankind at large—are at present growing worse and not better. The pendulum, he maintains—and even now we seem to have heard it before—is oscillating back, and not forwards. Girding our loins to this cheerful proposition we set out manfully on a pilgrimage of four hundred pages of stern but fruitful pessimism. What was our disappointment, then, to find that we were really launched on nothing else than a complex endeavour to prove that the black races are really as good as the white! "Aye, and better, too," we can imagine the Irishman throwing in. Of course, if Dr. Scholes thinks it worth while to break a lance with vulgar error we should be the last to say him nay. But surely it is only the "Man in the Street" in his most unreasoning mood—the man in the street of Louisiana when lynching is afoot—who would assert that the white man is always, everywhere, superior to the black. The yellow man has knocked that colour conceit out of us—perhaps, indeed, a little too badly. All that we can now venture to assert is a temporary superiority here and there—a humble comparison of Jamaica and Hayti, a reference to Liberia, a glance at the prevailing administration of Egypt and India—a suggestion that perhaps for the moment we whites have the lead. But when we think of Japan and all that miracle suggests, we glance uneasily at Africa, and begin to grow wondrous polite to our black brother. "Our turn to-day, perhaps yours to-morrow; treat us kindly when it comes." If a black skin, be, indeed, as Dr. Scholes suggests, nothing more than nature's protection against the sun, why should not the day of the sun arrive and prevail over the day of the fog? Then, indeed, our empire would be over. Those who care for that argument, and are not afraid to have it stated at some length, may be able to bear with Dr. Scholes.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "DISCOVERY"

The Voyage of the "Discovery." By Captain ROBERT H. SCOTT, C.V.O., R.N. (Smith, Elder, 42s. net.)

WE do not wish to imply any reproach when we say that the larger part of Captain Scott's "Voyage of the *Discovery*" presents no feature of novelty. All adventure within the Arctic regions is by the nature of things so similar that it is not in the power of any narrator to give it variety. Frobisher, Hudson, and North-West Fox met the floe, the pack, the icebergs, the cold, the mist, and were hungry, and shivered, and endured. All their successors have suffered even as they did, and have perished striving manfully, or have fought through by dint of ingenuity, and a stout heart. But they have seen the same scenes of horror or of beauty, in conditions which differed only in degree, and they have essentially the same story to tell. Therefore of all tales of travel those which come to us from the frozen regions are the most monotonous. Captain Scott cannot escape the common fate, and much of his book will be new only to the fortunate reader who has never read an arctic voyage before. That Captain Scott went towards the South Pole and not towards the North matters not. Ice, snow and fog are the same at both Poles, and as the *Discovery* took sledge-dogs, this familiar old friend meets us again in these pages. We need not therefore dwell on what the author has to say of the daily life of the expedition. For one illuminating detail we must thank him: he tells us that during their sledging journey to the South he and his companions could think of nothing but their food. It was the one overpowering subject of their thoughts, their talk and their very dreams. As they cowered asleep in their tent they were haunted by visions of Barmecide feasts—of dinners they could not reach and of meat plucked from their mouths. This is a human document. Captain Scott and his comrades were on the road which ends in such savagery as Admiral Byron saw when shipwreck threw him on the southern coast of Chili. It is by a prolonged experience of this overwhelming and crushing predominance of the need to find food that humanity suffers the process called degradation. Captain Scott tells us that he and others ended by wolfing blubber, and that for days after the southern sledging expedition returned, its members gorged themselves, to the wonder of their comrades who had not gone through the same strain. They were in the normal state of the Esquimo and the Red man. Like him they ate to repletion when food was reached, and were swollen to suffocation by indigestion. From what Captain Scott tells us, we can guess at what he passes over as belonging to the *tacenda*.

If these things were endured it was not because the *Discovery* was ill-fitted. No body of explorers was ever sent out better provided. The ship herself, we learn, may be famous in future records as the last wooden vessel constructed in this country for a long sea voyage. Difficulty was found in meeting with a firm which would undertake to build her, and the seasoned timber for her ribs and sides. The work was done under the direction of survivors of a dying industry—a fact which supplies us with another document. So good was she and so well fitted that she stood two winters of imprisonment in the ice in sight of Mounts Erebus and Terror. And what was won by all this thoroughness of preparation, and all the endurance—heroic and indomitable as we must allow—of her officers and crew? The exhibition of these qualities was won, and that is no small matter. Knowledge has been increased—to what extent will not be certain until the magnetic observations have been duly sifted; but something has been gained. A little has been added to what was known already of the ice and the land of the Southern Pole. As the *Discovery* was provided with steam she was able to approach much closer to the great Ice Barrier than had been possible for Sir J. Ross in a vessel which had to rely entirely on her sails. Captain Scott was therefore able to

make more accurate observations than his predecessors. Ranges of mountains reported by older voyagers are resolved by him into cloud and mirage. The ice barrier may now be taken as proved to be afloat in water of immense depth. The line of the barrier has receded, not, as a hasty reader would conclude, because the climate has become milder, but because it has become colder. In the extreme cold there is no moisture in the air, or so little that no great deposits of ice can be formed. Captain Scott, in the very modest general survey of operations which he places at the end of his second volume, makes some remarks on the movements of the ice which will be of value to future explorers. He concludes that the second year's imprisonment of the *Discovery* was due to the exceptional mildness of the season as shown by the mysteriously warm southerly wind which broke up the ice and so caused an unusual congestion in McMurdo Sound.

His own geographical observations were made during the sledging voyage to the South in the first season of his imprisonment, and in the vigorous push to the West during the second. These two feats will doubtless live as examples of what can be done by a resolution and good management, and it is probable that they will not be excelled in our time or in the future. On the southerly expedition Captain Scott penetrated far beyond the uttermost point attained by the boldest of the older explorers. One sympathises heartily with the triumphant entry in his diary for November 25, 1902:

"Before starting to-day I took a meridian altitude, and to my delight found the latitude to be $80^{\circ} 1'$. All our charts of the Antarctic regions show a plain white circle beyond the eightieth parallel; the most imaginative cartographer has not dared to cross this limit, and even the meridional lines end in the circle. It has always been our ambition to get inside that white space, and now we are there the space can no longer be a blank; this compensates for a lot of trouble."

It is true that the latitude and meridional lines exist only on maps, and as measure of distance in the mind of man, so that the least imaginative of cartographers might have marked them on his sheet or his globe if he had so pleased. It was not necessary that any one should get to a point on the latitude circle $80^{\circ} 1'$, in order that we may be sure that such a line can be imagined running round the pole. But the great things are that Captain Scott and his companions were there to make the observation which told them their position, that they reached so far by honourable effort, and that they are Englishmen. So we can claim it to our credit that the first of mankind to intrude on that white desolation were Englishmen, and that the first names to be given to the mountains which tower above it are Longstaff and Markham. They were seen from the furthest point reached— $82^{\circ} 16' 33''$ S.—and Captain Scott is eloquent as to their splendour, and the marvellous effects of light in the sky over them. The later and western journey was of more peril, for on it Captain Scott and one of his companions almost perished in a crevasse; but it brought no equal reward. The story increases in dramatic interest at the close with the appearance of the relief ships, and the order from home to desert the *Discovery* if she could not be released from the ice.

Captain Scott writes with becoming generosity of his officers and men. He makes it clear that he was fortunate in the support he received and that he knows how much he owed to his subordinates. The appendices by Mr. Ferrar, the geologist, and Mr. Wilson, the zoologist, of the expedition, have an independent scientific interest, and give an idea of what the information gathered will be worth when it is thoroughly arranged. Looking on the book as a whole we cannot but think that it would have gained by compression, and by a somewhat more definite marking of the main lines. Of the numerous illustrations there is nothing but good to be said. They are as valuable as the text in helping us to realise the conditions. Dr. E. A. Wilson, who contributes them, is a clever photographer and something of an artist in colours; and the maps of Lieutenant Mulock are clear and full of detail.

THE DAYS OF GOOD KING GEORGE

The Political History of England. By WILLIAM HUNT. Vol. x. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net).

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. are bringing out a new History of England, by various authors, under the editorship of Dr. Hunt and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole. We most warmly congratulate Dr. Hunt on the publication of the tenth volume of the series, in which he tells the story of the years from 1760 to 1801.

The professed student will revel in this book, in its accurate scholarship, in its clearness of style and arrangement, in its maps and indexes, and, above all, in the invaluable appendix which Dr. Hunt's unique knowledge of the original authorities of the period has enabled him to draw up. But the History is so delightfully written that it will appeal to a far larger circle than that of historical students only. The general reader will thoroughly enjoy refreshing his recollections of the great events of those stirring times, and he will find it all eminently readable, full of the little human touches that make history lore.

The character of George III. is especially well drawn: his desire to marry Lady Sarah Lennox, which was only foiled by the Lady Sarah most inopportunistically breaking her leg; his dislike to George Granville's long lectures: "When he has wearied me for two hours, he looks at his watch to see if he may not tire me for an hour more"; his disapproval of Pitt's duelling despite the fact that that gentleman, being uninjured, most gallantly fired his second shot into the air; his horror of Catholic emancipation: "I shall reckon any man my personal enemy who proposes such a measure." The saddest chapter in the book is, of course, the chapter that deals with Ireland and the Irish rebellion. The means that the Government used to put down the rebellion were hideous, "torturing men by floggings of fearful severity or by half hanging," "cutting the petticoats from the backs of girls who showed any sign of sympathy with rebellion, such as wearing, it might be accidentally, a green ribbon." In the rebel camps on Vinegar Hill there were scenes of even greater horror: "it is probable that four hundred Protestants were slain in the camp," some of them with ghastly cruelty.

It is difficult to imagine that such things could have happened little more than a century ago—it is even more difficult to realise the social condition, not of a country in a state of rebellion, but of England itself during the same period. When in the factories little children, under seven, could be forced to work for thirteen hours a day, and "were cruelly punished when their wearied little arms failed to keep up with the demands of the machinery"; when women as well as men were flogged in public; when over twenty thousand holiday-makers assembled at Tyburn to see so exquisite a spectacle as "a woman burnt—she was previously strangled at the stake—for the murder of her husband." In sober truth it was not until the year of our Lord 1790 that the burning of women was abolished.

PATCHWORK

A Coat of Many Colours. By the Author of "Honorina's Patchwork." (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THIS is one of those rambling books that depend on no coherent story, but entirely on the personality of the author. The amount of pleasure they give the reader is a question of individual temperament. We delight in German Elisabeth, and we have only been slightly entertained by English Honorina; but we are sure that many people will disagree with us and point out that Honorina is free from what they consider pretentious and affected in Elisabeth. We concede that Honorina has some good ideas. We like her "four distinct worlds which we all more or less inhabit—the Spiritual, the Intellectual, the Practical, and the Social": and in the last chapter her vision of life as a kind of steeplechase is a pretty conceit. What she gives us

on the whole is a tranquil picture of a healthy-natured Englishwoman living in a country home, with a few books and a few friends. She has bookish tastes, reads Dowden on Shakespeare, the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Lewes' History of Philosophy, even Swedenborg. We can only guess at her friends. Perhaps they read the sporting papers. So Honoria, who is really fond of her books and has an honest, inquiring mind, commits her thoughts to her note-book, or publishes a selection from them: a selection that we are sure many people will read with pleasure and edification. They will learn, among other things, that Dante was tremendously in earnest, that Shakespeare was a mine of sagacity, that Juliet loved with all the intensity of her southern nature, that Shakespeare's women are delicious creations, and that Shelley's poetry is deliciously vague and beautiful. We compare with Elisabeth, who is never "obvious," whose malice and humour are enchanting, whose pictures of Ruegen live in the mind like a vividly remembered summer day. But it may be that we are sophisticated, and we are prepared to find that the great heart of the people beats for Honoria. They will say (we can hear them say it) that she makes them think. But was Joseph's coat a patchwork of threadbare scraps?

THE BUTTERFLY BRIDE

Reflections of a Householder. By E. H. LACON WATSON.
(Brown, Langham, 3s. 6d.)

MR. LACON WATSON is one of those writers who are most successful when they are least ambitious. A little while ago he committed a murder in a novel, and convinced at least one reader that he was accustomed neither to the practice of crime nor to the society of criminals. But no matter. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and it would be a sorry jest to condole with any man on his inability to wallow in gore as if he were used to it and liked it. Enough that we welcome Mr. Lacon Watson's return to more trivial themes. His model, in so far as he has a model, would seem to be Mr. J. M. Barrie. The book of Mr. Barrie's which seems most to have influenced his outlook is "My Lady Nicotine." That work is popularly supposed to have been written in praise of a particular mixture of tobacco; its real topic is woman. The important thing in it is not that the writer smoked, but that he gave up smoking, brought round to the view that the money which cigars cost can be more profitably expended in the purchase of superfluous articles of furniture for a drawing-room already overcrowded. It is of the exercise of this sort of feminine sway that Mr. Lacon Watson chiefly writes. Phyllis has come into his life and subjected him to unanticipated tyrannies. She obliges him to spend too much of his valuable time in moving the piano; she annexes his favourite arm-chair, and carries it off from the study to the drawing-room; she invades his study while he is at work, in order to write her own letters at his desk; she drags him to the seaside when he does not want to go; she cannot travel without a shocking quantity of luggage: she saves him from the fate of the bookworm by insisting that he shall buy lap-dogs instead of books. He protests; but he submits. The details may irritate, but the general effect is pleasing: he is saved, it would seem, from annoyance by his keen perception of the humour of the situation. He is satisfied to be "a cog-wheel in a complicated machine—his household." Even when Phyllis is extravagant, he perceives the compensations: "The bargaining instinct is implanted in women by a beneficent Providence. Otherwise they would ruin us sooner than they do." This happy attitude of mind is characteristically English. In no other country (unless it be the United States) are feminine irresponsibility and incompetence regarded as a good joke by married men. The continental husband may indeed submit to tyranny, but only to the tyranny of a tyrant who knows her business. Above all, he has no use for butterflies, and is quite capable of breaking them on a wheel. To the

English husband alone does the butterfly bride appear desirable, or even tolerable. In some countries, indeed, they carry matters so far towards the opposite extreme that we have heard a Swiss wife declare that Swiss husbands prefer to marry dowdy women, on the ground that these are less likely than the others to run up long dressmaker's bills; and even where the ideal is not quite so well defined as that, the divergence from the British ideal is marked, and can be traced by the curious in works of fiction. The typical butterfly bride of English fiction is David Copperfield's Dora; the corresponding type in French fiction is Emma Bovary, who began as a butterfly, but did not end as one, because she was not appreciated in the character. On the whole it is English rather than French readers and husbands who will derive comfort from the comparison. Mr. Lacon Watson's study of Phyllis, and, more particularly, of his own success in getting on comfortably with her, may be recommended to foreign students of our manners. It will show them that British humour is a part of British life, and not merely an ingredient in British jest-books.

THE BONNIE WEE CROODLIN' DOO

The Story of Pet Marjorie (Marjory Fleming). With her Journals, now first published. By L. MACBEAN. Second edition, illustrated. To which is added *Marjory Fleming: a Story of Child-life fifty years ago*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D. With original illustrations by WARWICK BROOKES. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

THE first edition of this book only needed the addition of Dr. John Brown's pamphlet, and thanks to Messrs. A. and C. Black's courtesy, this has been included in the second edition. Of course all Scots people know and love Pet Marjorie; but we fear that there are many others to whom she is scarcely more than a name, and to them we commend this book, sure that it will become a precious possession.

It is some years now since children began to be fashionable, and dull people felt moved to write dull books about the psychology of the child-mind. But Pet Marjorie died nearly a hundred years ago, and the first news of her was given to the outside world nearly fifty years ago; and it is not too much to say that her letters and journals are of more value than tons of the pseudo-scientific studies of infancy that have appeared in the interval. L. Macbean evidently sees this, for though in his (or is it her?) preface, there is a dangerous reference to the material which Maidie furnishes "for the study of the psychology of infancy," he hastens to add that the greatest interest of all lies in Marjorie's own personality.

"After a hundred years she is still 'Pet Marjorie,' and they are not to be envied who can resist her sweet simplicity, her whimsical conceptions, her eager and touching gropings after knowledge, and her hunger for love."

We should have put her hunger for love first; otherwise it is well said. If Maidie must be used for didactic purposes, let this hunger of hers show how all children should be cherished. There is a delightful story of how she rushed in to save her dear sister Isabella from their old nurse's wrath: "Pay (whip) Maidie as much as you like and I will not say a word, but touch Isy and I will roar like a bull!" Perhaps it is not very fanciful to think that the spirit of this child would be most pleased if what she said and wrote and did in her short life here brought to other children long after her, wiser and more abundant love than they would have if she had never been. We cannot agree with Mr. Macbean's suggestion that it was perhaps well for her that she died young: "the world yields no adequate satisfaction for an ardent nature like Marjorie Fleming's." The world does bring satisfaction to sweet and generous natures, especially to those who like Pet Marjorie are brought up from infancy to do "everything that is nesary for a good caracter and a good concience."

Small wonder that Marjorie Fleming had so devoted a friend in Sir Walter Scott, and so appreciative an admirer in Mr. Swinburne, whose moving lines will certainly send readers for generations to come both to Dr. John Brown's account of her, and to her journals. May they also introduce a new circle of readers to "Rab and his friends."

"I, far off, behold
A dear hand that links us, and a light,
The blithest and benignest of the night—
The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein may be
A star to show your spirit in present sight,
Some happier isle in the Elysian sea,
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie."

An interesting side-point in Marjorie's Journals is the reflection they give of the life and time in which they were written. There seems an echo of the Napoleonic wars in the quaint phrase: "The English have great power over the franch; Ah me peradventure, at this moment some noble Colnel at this moment sinks to the ground without breath;—and in convulsive pangs dies; it is a melancoly consideration." There are frequent references to the Bible, to the "Newgate Calendar," and to Dr. Swift's works, and she wrote in her diary: "The divel always grins at the sight of the bibles; bibles did I say? nay at the word virtue." But a little later she writes: "Many people think beuty is better than virtue." Strong meat did not seem to have a bad effect on this babe, for she remarks, "Tom Jones and Greys Elegey in a country churchyard are both exelent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." This piece of criticism was written at a time when the writer was not quite six years old!

Sir Walter Scott described her as "the most extraordinary creature I ever met with." Take two passages of her rhymed history of Mary Queen of Scots. Again and again she sums up with astonishing acuteness the leading characters of the great historical tragedy, and no seeker after truth has ever been able to get further in his analysis than did this little girl in the eight lines descriptive of Darnley and his malign influence on the woman he married:

"A noble's son, a handsome lad
By some queer way or other had
Got quite the better of her hart
With him she always talked apart
Silly he was but very fair
A greater buck was not found there."

In a time and in the Scotland in which Pet Marjorie lived hapless Mary had fewer apologists than she has now; but the child was devoted to her heroine, and all the Scots blood in her revolted in wrath at the way in which Mary was treated by her treacherous kinswoman. Her Life of the Queen ends with the lines:

"There is a thing that I must tell,
Elisbeth went to fire and hell,
Him who will teach her to be ceval,
It must be her great friend the divel."

Pet Marjorie died in the December of 1811, at the age of nine. She lies in the quaint old churchyard of Abbotshall, close to the wooded policies of Raith, and thither many a pilgrimage is made by those who hitherto have owed their only knowledge of her to Dr. John Brown.

When the third edition of this book is called for—as we hope it will be—the opportunity might be taken to correct Mr. Macbean's notion that there was ever such a person as "Lord Francis Jeffrey," and also to adopt some consistent policy regarding the spelling of Maidie's name—whether Marjorie or Marjory.

HAYDON AND HIS FRIENDS

B. R. Haydon and his Friends. By "GEORGE PASTON."
(Nisbet, 12s. 6d.)

"No artist is left behind with equal largeness of poetical conception. If the hand had always obeyed the soul, he would have been a genius of the first order. As it is, he

lived on the *slope* of genius, and could not be steadfast and calm. His life was one long agony of self-assertion. See how the world treats those who try too openly for its gratitude." So wrote Mrs. Browning, after the tragedy of Haydon's death, in words that seem to reach out beyond the partial judgment of his contemporaries. Haydon's influence on the artistic ideals of his age was undoubtedly great, but what remains of eternally compelling interest is the pathetic figure of the man himself, which is revealed to us in his autobiography with a fulness which recalls how completely we possess the personalities of St. Augustine, Pepys, Boswell, Rousseau, and Montaigne. The autobiography and journals, with a Life of Haydon, were edited by Tom Taylor in three volumes, and Frederick Wordsworth Haydon afterwards produced a querulous memoir, with his father's correspondence and table-talk, in two volumes. These, with the painter's lectures, constitute the main authorities, and what Miss Symonds has now done is to reduce them to more manageable compass, weaving into her narrative such additional material as she has gathered from the biographies and letters of Haydon's friends. It was certainly worth doing, but the value of the book would have been increased if Miss Symonds had not scorned any sort of introduction or preface to explain her design. A Haydon bibliography, too, would have been interesting, as well as a chronological list of his pictures. She does not even give a list of the pictures reproduced in her book, namely Haydon's portrait of himself and Zornlin's portrait of him, both in the National Portrait Gallery, which form a most curious contrast; portraits of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Miss Mitford; and three historical works, *Napoleon Musing at St. Helena*, *The Assassination of Dentatus*, and *Curtius Leaping into the Gulf*.

There was something of the child, or perhaps we should say of the untutored, unsophisticated savage, in Haydon's character, which limited his capacity for friendship. He was at first enthusiastic, then some cause of offence came, and his critical faculty awoke. Contrast these passages about Wordsworth, to whom, however, Haydon remained on the whole very faithful:

"His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and enchant one. I do not know any one I should be so inclined to worship as a purified being."—1815.

"You are unjust, depend upon it, in your estimate of Byron's poetry, and wrong in ranking Wordsworth beyond him. There are things in Byron's poetry so exquisite that fifty or five hundred years hence they will be read, felt, and adored throughout the world. I grant that Wordsworth is very pure, very holy, very orthodox, and occasionally very elevated, highly poetical; but oftener insufferably obscure, starched, dowdy, anti-human, and anti-sympathetic. He will never be ranked above Byron, nor classed with Milton. . . . I dislike his selfish Quakerism, his affectation of superior virtue, his utter insensibility to the beautiful frailties of passion. . . . No, give me Byron with all his spite, hatred, depravity, dandyism, vanity, frankness, passion, and idleness, rather than Wordsworth with all his heartless communion with woods and grass."—Letter to Miss Mitford, 1824.

"There are four honours in my life, first, the sonnet of Wordsworth. . . . You are a glorious creature, and is not our calling high?"—Letter to Wordsworth, 1840.

The most fatal of all Haydon's friendships was undoubtedly Leigh Hunt's, for it led directly to those fierce attacks on the Royal Academy in the *Examiner*, signed "An English Student." The identity of the "Student" was not long a secret, and the articles did their author incalculable harm. In vain Fuseli raged; in vain Wilkie plied his Scotch "horse-sense"—"Hunt gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it." Haydon, blind to his own *naïf* vanity, was vastly entertained by Leigh Hunt's.

"He never went to Rome, Bologna, or Naples. He passed through Paris, and never went into the Louvre. He was annoyed that Venice, Rome, Naples, etc., should contain anything more attractive than Mr. Leigh Hunt; and, consequently, he stuck to his house, expecting a deputation from each town to welcome him to Italy; and because no deputation came, he would not honour them with a visit. . . . He ruined Keats; he has injured me; he perverted Byron. Poor Shelley was drowned in going back from visiting him."

It is impossible to resist repeating at this point Miss Mitford's story of Leigh Hunt's celebration of the birthday of Haydn, the composer :

"Some one told Mr. Haydn that they were celebrating his birthday. So off he trotted to Hampstead, made a speech to the company thanked them for the honour they had done him, but explained that they had made a little mistake in the day !"

The Hunts were unwearingly kind to Haydn, as he himself acknowledges, and often helped him with money which they themselves could ill afford. But money did not destroy their friendship, as it did that of Keats, who could not forgive Haydn for his nonchalance in letting a loan pass—"when he ought to have sold his drawings to supply me. I shall perhaps still be acquainted with him; but for friendship, that is at an end."

Sufficient justice has perhaps hardly been done to Haydn as a literary critic. He had what seems now to be an astonishing power of discrimination, though in the comparison of Byron and Wordsworth, quoted above, he has not succeeded in anticipating the verdict of posterity; and he shows it again in his recognition of Keats: "A genius more purely poetical never existed," and he goes on to attribute to the poet "an exquisite sense of humour," a judgment the truth of which does not lie on the surface. Haydn had, what is much rarer than is commonly believed, a real love of literature for its own sake; his imagination was so delicate and sensitive, and at the same time so immense in its range, that if he had felt drawn to write rather than to paint, there is little reason to doubt that his work would have lived. And yet, though he knew so well when he was painting "pot-boilers," he seemed to have had no true judgment of the little that he published in his lifetime. What can be more pathetic than his appreciation of two letters which he wrote to the *Times* about the Reform Bill? Miss Symonds might have given us some extracts from compositions of which their author does not hesitate to say :

"When my colours have faded, my canvas decayed, and my body mingled with the dust, these glorious letters, the best things I ever wrote, will awaken the enthusiasm of my countrymen. I thanked God I lived in such a time, and that he gifted me with talents to serve the great cause."

Alas, even his autobiography and journals have fallen into undeserved neglect, though we have hopes that this book, in spite of or because of its defects, will send some readers to them. Miss Symonds is rather too cold a biographer. She fails, for instance, to bring out fully that extraordinary personal charm which was felt in different degrees by all who knew Haydn; the genius-loving butcher who solicited his custom—"Mrs. Siddons, sir, she liked chops as much as you do, sir; never was such a woman for chops!"—and more than one long-suffering landlord; the noble lords in whose favour he occasionally basked; but above all such men as Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Of Hazlitt Miss Symonds does not make enough use; she is content to give us Haydn's views of him rather than his views of Haydn. She does, however, show us glimpses of those glorious *Noctes Ambrosianæ* when Haydn's joyous laugh seemed better than a glass of champagne, and when he would roll on the carpet in ecstasies over the drollery of Elia. Her account of that house-warming when Lamb desired to feel the bumps of the Comptroller of Stamps, and had to be taken away to the painting-room while the Comptroller was pacified, is as pleasant to meet again as an old friend.

Haydn first met Shelley at a party which included Keats and the Smiths of "Rejected Addresses" :

"I seated myself right opposite Shelley, as I was told afterwards, for I did not know what hectic, spare, weakly, yet intellectual-looking creature it was, carving a bit of broccolli as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken. In a few minutes Shelley opened the conversation by saying in the most feminine and gentle voice, 'As for that detestable religion, the Christian'—I looked astonished, but casting a glance round the table, I easily saw that I was to be set at hat evening *vi et armis*. . . . I felt like a stag at bay, and resolved to gore without mercy."

The controversy grew unpleasantly warm, and made Haydn resolve to withdraw gradually from people who held such views. The incident is important, for it illustrates the painter's intense religious faith, which is, more than anything else, the key to his whole mind and character. His autobiography and journals are full of impassioned prayers to God, on whom he had an ever-present sense of personal dependence. Miss Symonds cannot appreciate this side of him; she declares that his prayers "read as though they were offered up to some omnipotent President of a celestial Academy, who demanded oblations in the shape of historical pictures"—an unworthy sneer. For, if we are to judge a man's relations to his Maker, the only question we are entitled to ask is whether he is sincere, and Miss Symonds does not throw any doubt on Haydn's sincerity. As for the vanity exhibited in his religious exercises, he certainly believed he had a great mission to fulfil; how could he be expected to dissemble that belief in the presence of Omniscience?

A NEW TEST FOR THE HIGHER CRITICS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

Old Testament Criticism in New Testament Light. By G. H. ROUSE, M.A., D.D. (Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.)

THE main object of this work is to confront the Higher Critics with the evidence to be derived from a critical study of the New Testament in its bearing on the historical value of the Old Testament, especially of the Pentateuch, on the admitted principle that the New Testament is *latent* in the Old, and the Old Testament is *patent* in the New. It is here assumed that

"nothing which is contrary to the teaching of Christ, as given in the New Testament, can be true, and that in their interpretation of the Old Testament the Higher Critics must be in error when their interpretation of the Old Testament contravenes the plain direct statement of Christ and His Apostles."

Now there are Higher Critics who seem to hold that Christ actually shared what they term mistaken traditional views of the Jews in regard to the Old Testament, to which Christ refers—a theory utterly at variance with His attributes as the God-Man; while on the other hand other Higher Critics urge "that He accommodated Himself to the people in this matter"—a view which, though here assailed, is certainly not only supported by some of the most orthodox of Critics, but is consonant with the whole tenor of divine Revelation which accommodated itself to the weakness and capacity as well as to the needs of human nature, in its spiritual development. Again, the author seems a little too rash in setting aside with a few words some of the theories of the Higher Critics which have certainly much scientific authority to support them, and, further, some authority from the great Fathers of the Christian Church, as in the case of "evolution," which is only mentioned here to be summarily dismissed. The account in Genesis of the Creation, even if it seem to clash "with exact science," writes Bishop Ryle, "agrees in its highest conceptions with the teaching of the purest philosophy of religion." Now St. Augustine has virtually admitted the possibility of evolution as the divine method of creation, for, as he writes in his comment on Genesis :

"In principio fecit Deus cœlum & terram, non quia iam hoc erat, sed quia hoc esse poterat. Nam & cœlum scribitur postea factum. Quemadmodum si semen arboris considerantes, dicamus ibi esse radices, & robur & ramos, & fructus & folia; non quia iam sunt, sed quia inde futura sunt. Sic dictum est, in principio fecit Deus cœlum & terram, quasi semen cœli & terrae, cum in confuso adhuc esset cœli & terrae materia."

We heartily commend the chapters dealing with the date and authorship and historical authority of the Old Testament from a literary standpoint. Take, for example, the following striking analogy :

"Suppose a fortieth-century critic wishes to decide from internal evidence when the Authorised English Version was made. He would be able to form a sound argument on the absence of one simple word

from it, the word 'its.' This word never occurs in the Authorised Version of 1611; in its place we have 'his' or 'thereof.' Thus 'the candlestick, his shaft and his branches . . . the tongs thereof, and the snuff-dishes thereof,' etc. As a matter of fact, the word 'its' appeared about the end of the sixteenth century, but became generally adopted towards the close of the next century. This fact of itself would be a clear proof that the Authorised Version was made before the eighteenth century. We have a precisely similar indication that the Pentateuch was written somewhere about the time of Moses, in its use of the third personal pronoun. In ordinary Hebrew we have two separate pronouns (*hú* and *hi*) for he and she, but in the Pentateuch, for the most part, the word *hú* is used for both genders. The feminine pronoun occurs in eleven passages, but in all the other one hundred and ninety-five places where 'she' has to be expressed we have the form *hú*, which in all subsequent books of the Bible represents only the masculine. In other words, just as in the Authorised Version 'his' stand for his and 'its,' so in the Pentateuch, for the most part 'he' stands for 'he' and 'she,' and this peculiarity does not occur at all in other books of the Bible."

We can only add that the Higher Critics will find in this work much to learn, and much to moderate their views, while the uncritical Christian will find much to deepen his faith and to strengthen his hold on the Old Testament as well as on the New Testament.

T. H. L. LEARY.

BOOKMEN'S BOOKS

I DOUBT whether most book-collectors deserve to be called bookish men. The reason of this scepticism is that they seldom read the books which they collect. It would please me much to be able to collect the first edition of Homer, but that copy I certainly would not use, nor the Aldine copy either, for purposes of study. A copy of the first edition of Homer's continuator, Quintus Smyrnaeus, I do possess, in old red morocco, but I read the poet, who well deserves to be read, in a cheap German edition. It is not so with our own poets and authors. Herrick, Lovelace, and Suckling, I prefer in the ill-printed first editions, as the poets themselves possessed them: an irrational sentimental practice, but Homer never saw his own printed first edition, of course, so sentiment does not come in. When I wanted a "Tom Jones" Mr. Bain assured me that I could only read it in the first edition, and therein I find the adventures of Mr. Jones very readable indeed. But I do not think that I could only read Shakespeare in the Quartos, which is lucky, as they do not come in the way of the lowly student. The great famous collectors, I am sure, never peruse their fourteenth-century manuscripts, nor most of their rare books. These they acquire merely as collectors, and their choice is usually directed by fashion. Who peruses black-letter romances, which were once the crown of an amateur's library? Most collectors of rare books no more study them than a collector of gems seals his letters with the works of Dieuchidas.

Mr. Slater, in his "How to Collect Books" (George Bell and Sons), holds up, very properly, a high intellectual ideal before the collector, but I fancy that the preacher does not expect his congregation to reach his standard. John, Duke of Roxburghe, whose library was sold in 1812, seems really to have been a virtuoso, as virtuoso was defined by Scott when a child: "One who must and will know everything." He collected works of information "in every department of literature," whether the works were rare, or were not. The Roxburghe Club, however, founded in his honour, devoted itself to perpetuating scarce manuscripts in editions of fifty or sixty copies, without caring much as to the literary or historical value of the works. They have done much more for obscure mediæval religious allegories and poems, than for the readable, though in Colonel Hooke's Jacobite Papers, and the delightful Memoirs of the Lord Ailesbury of Charles II. and James II., and in Lord Stanhope's Papers of the last Stuarts, they have done something for History: and I venture to think my own contribution the "Confessions of George Sprot," might be useful to the historical novelist. It is a melancholy fact that the books of the great Historical Book Clubs—the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Abbotsford—

are usually found to have unopened leaves: nobody has read them. Yet they are full of matter of great curiosity. Collectors, in short, are seldom readers: who has read their favourite book, "The Hypnerotomachia?" Like the shipwrecked mariner, "The Hypnerotomachia" "se sauve sur les planches," floats on its illustrations. The collector's object, says Mr. Slater, "should be to secure copies of the best editions of the best writers, an enterprise demanding knowledge, judgment, and taste, rather than wealth." What does the collector care for the best editions of the best writers? He wants Shakespeare in the folios and quartos, not as edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness. He wants the rarities of Byron, such as "The Waltz," not the edition of Mr. Prothero and Mr. Ernest Coleridge. He wants old Monk-barnes' "mutilated edition of the 'Complaynt of Scotland,'" not the excellent edition of the Scottish Texts Society. Mr. Slater, however, insists that "really good copies in their original covers" are the right thing. What have the original covers to do with the best editions? To be sure I prefer first editions, in shabby old paste-board covers, to the best editions, but here the collector's craze comes in, a thing of caprice. If one could get Perrault's "Contes" in the original covers, probably of sheepskin (a thing past praying for), one would "let them bide" therein. But thirty years ago, the collector would have had the book rebound by Trautz Bauzonnet, thinking that he did it honour and enhanced its value. Original covers are quite a modern fancy. It is fashionable to glory in old books with unopened pages. I have the Elzevir Rabelais, in old red morocco. The person who had it bound never read it; few do read Rabelais, and many of the pages have never tasted the paper knife. I do not mean to cut them open—a modern Rabelais serves my turn: he is not often called on for his services. We ought, it seems, to possess Thackeray and Dickens unbound, in the original paper covers, "kept in specially made Solander cases." I wonder why? Meanwhile I ask Messrs. Smith and Elder why "pumping" occurs in at least two places in two works of Thackeray, where the sense demands "jumping"? As to "pedigrees" of books, I confess to a weakness for volumes inscribed with the names, and even with the bookplates, of old owners. I have David Hume's "Virgil," which he certainly did not thumb, and the "Theocritus," in French, of John Wilkes, and a shabby, scandalous pamphlet on Molière, with the eagle-headed N. of the great Napoleon, and Drummond of Hawthornden's "Montaigne," with his signature and Italian motto, and "Hommes et Dieux," with Paul de Saint Victor's written inscription to George Sand (large paper), and Crashaw (first edition), with notes by a friend of Crashaw, and Scott's Poems, with manuscript inscriptions to Mrs. Laidlaw, and his "Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies," inscribed to Boszzy's son, Sir Alexander, and a number of other books that bear marks of old worthies. Among my "twopenny treasures": books of Colbert, de Thou, Beckford, Hamilton, and so forth, and of Paillet, and other more modern amateurs. One does not go out of the way to procure them, but one likes to see the old names when they occur on the fly-leaves.

When one began to take an interest in these things, Elzevirs were "in," at least in France. Now Elzevirs are "out," and I am sorry for it. Mr. Slater will have nothing to do with "imperfect" books, yet I like my "Lucasta" (Lovelace) without the plates, and a first edition of Rochefoucault's "Maximes," with an old English copy of the frontispiece. Both are very readable books, and if you say that they are not the rose, I reply that they are the rose, *minus* a petal or two, and that poor men must be content with such crumbs from the rich man's table. As to manuscripts, I have only one of the fourteenth century, but that is a beauty, and, to be plain, I do not covet modern manuscripts. I would rather have "Waverley" in the original edition (boards, of course) than the manuscript of "Waverley"; and, I reflect, with pity, that a manuscript from this trembling and eccentric hand

has been sold for many dollars—in the country where such things are purchased. If any American amateur wants the manuscript of a novel by this popular author he can have it rather cheap.

Historic bindings are, of course, desirable things in the nature of relics. I cannot understand the heraldry of a book with the arms of "The Old Pretender," as Mr. Slater invidiously calls "the best of men and kings," James VIII. and III. The arms of France and England are blazoned twice, those of Scotland and Ireland once, while a third of the shield contains what seems to be a horn or cornucopia. Does this stand for the Queen, Clementina Sobieski? The whole display, with Cupids, is like that on the carriage of M. de Ralibari, uncle of Barry Lyndon. Again, I cannot understand Mr. Slater's "oldest Greek manuscript," "written at Vienna on a sheet of papyrus," "about 300 B.C." How did papyrus and a Greek reach the Austrian capital about 300 B.C.? Surely some of the papyri of the Iliad, found in Egypt, are as old as the date given for the document "written at Vienna." There is some confusion here, obviously: perhaps the papyrus, inscribed with a curse, is merely in a Viennese library or museum.

ANDREW LANG.

THE BALLADS OF TRAFALGAR

It is as much to literature as to painting, as much to the artists of the pen as to their brethren of the brush, that we owe such knowledge as we have to-day of the life and customs of the navy in the Great War, and poetry no less than prose has supplied us with pen-pictures of the ships and men by which Nelson gained the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. To the poets of the early seventeenth century as much as to those of to-day, as much as to Kipling and Newbolt that is to say, we are indebted for information of an illuminating and often curious character. They sang of war and peace, of life between decks and of life ashore at a naval port, and above all they sang of the victories gained by our great commanders. There is a healthy and hearty ring about such stanzas as the following, which commends them to our notice:

"First Howe had a dance on the famed First of June,
But monsieur disliked both the steps and the tune,
To Brest he returned being rather dismayed,
But not till the piper he fully had paid."

And again, *à propos* of the victory of the Nile, we get:

"Tell how off Egypt's coast
Proud Gallia's naval host
He bravely beat;
And how his gallant crews
Down to the shade sent Brueys,
There to proclaim the news,
His dire defeat."

These appear in a book published by Evans, of Long Acre, entitled, "The Brave Lord Nelson's Garland, being a choice collection of all the songs made and sung on his Lordship's Glorious Victory and all those sung this season at Vauxhall, the theatres and other places of public amusement." This is but one of hundreds, which were brought out and sold broadcast at the time.

Yet when Trafalgar, the crowning mercy, came, and with it the tragedy of Nelson's death, the Muse was dumb. There were verses published and songs sung, but like all things made to order they lacked heart, they lacked inspiration. It was as if, in the face of that sublime drama, words failed even the practised poets of the day; as if they felt that the finest tribute their verse could pay to the memory of the "hero who in the moment of victory fell, covered with immortal glory" would be puny and insignificant beside the entry in the *Victory's* log book:

"Partial firing continued until 4.30 P.M., when, a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., and Commander-in-Chief, he then died of his wound."

The striking simplicity of that entry, like the long decorous sentences of Dr. Beatty's narrative of the death, convey to us, with more force than cantos of impassioned imagery, the stunning effect the blow had upon all alike, from the highest to the lowliest. Yet that was a hundred years ago, and in all the time that has elapsed none has come forward to give us a poem that shall worthily commemorate the great events of 1805, which, in an ephemeral way, we are honouring this week. This is not, of course, to say that none have attempted it. Wordsworth, Scott, Rossetti all approached it, the first-named however only very warily in "The character of the Happy Harrison." Mr. J. W. Croker, sometime Secretary of the Admiralty, composed a series of "Songs of Trafalgar," and C. Dibdin, the Seaman's Laureate, made three attempts to produce something worthy of the occasion. The first two, one beginning: "Be the great twenty-first of October recorded," and the other: "Ah! hark, the signals round the coast" are well known, but the third has only quite recently come to light, having been found in Birmingham in a collection of Dibdin MSS. This appears to have been written about two months after Nelson's death, and is unfinished. Of the seven verses the following are worth quoting:

"When Nelson fell, the voice of Fame
With mingled joy and pain
Lamented that no other name
So glorious could remain.

"And worthily is Nelson loved;
Yet, ere a short month's dawn,
Fresh glory Britain's sons have proved,
Led on by gallant Strachan.

"Then Britons be not out of heart,
Likewise of hopes bereft,
If he did the sheet anchor part,
Yet is the best bower left."

To judge by the condition of the manuscript this poem was very far from ready for publication, and it must be admitted that, either as poetry or patriotic doggerel, it leaves much to be desired. And the same may be said of almost all the contemporary efforts. H. J. Pye, then Poet Laureate, composed an "Ode to the New Year" (1806), which dealt with the matter, though not in any great or exalted fashion. The Drury Lane management on the night of the arrival of the news of Nelson's death, put up Mr. Wroughton, the acting manager, to recite eleven lines which a contemporary newspaper calls "impressive," but which to-day read very poorly; and a few nights later at Covent Garden Mrs. Johnston, speaking the epilogue to a new comedy, appeared in a purple apron, with the word "Nelson" in gold, and the English Jack stuck on one of the corners, and delivered "the following impassioned lines," which are not worth quoting here.

Canning contrasted Ulm and Trafalgar, and Croker in a foot-note to his "Songs of Trafalgar" finds it necessary to say that neither had he seen Canning's manuscript, nor Canning his, though there are many similarities between them. The burthen, if one may call it so, of Croker's song is in the lines:

"High, then, the monumental pile
Erect, for Nelson of the Nile!
Of Trafalgar and Vincent's heights,
For Nelson of the hundred fights."

And this brings us to a curious point, the fact that though nearly all the contemporary poets, and many since, found the Spanish pronunciation, with the third syllable accented, the most convenient for metre, one song, Braham's "Death of Nelson," overrode them all, and dictated the pronunciation which is common to-day. Yet that song was not brought before the public until six years after the battle, it was one of the musical numbers in a play, *The Americans*, which was a complete failure, and only ran a fortnight. It was, moreover, a flagrant piece of piracy, the four lines of recitative coming almost intact from Norris's ode to the Duke of Cumberland, and the

music owing much to Méhul's "Chant du départ." But Braham sang it; that satisfied the world at large, and to-day almost the only Trafalgar ballad known to the average well-educated Englishman is "The Death of Nelson."

But others besides Nelson and the *Victory* were sung by the poets of the time. Collingwood and Hardy, Strachan (as we have seen in Dibdin's song), the *Fighting Temeraire*, and others all received their meed of poetic praise, and even to-day are still being honoured in verse. In the *Spectator* a few months back there were some verses on the old *Superb*, one stanza of which runs:

"Now up, my lads," the Captain cried, "for sure the case were hard.
If longest out were first to fall behind.
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind!
So all day long, and all day long behind the Fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
But every night the old *Superb*, she sailed when others slept,
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest."

In a letter which he wrote to Captain Keats of the *Superb* in May 1805, Nelson said:

"I am fearful that you may think that the *Superb* does not go so fast as I could wish . . . yet I would have you be assured that I know and feel that the *Superb* does all which is possible for a ship to accomplish."

This extract will serve to show why the line:

"And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed,"

is emphasised above. In the author of that poem, we have a man capable of both poetical feeling and historical accuracy. Are we to find in him the author of the long-wanted epic poem of true dignity and beauty on the subject of a victory which, as Collingwood said, "will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty's crown and be attended with public benefit to our country"?

IN NORTHUMBERLAND

KNEE-DEEP, all day through the rain-wet heather we marched,

Skin-soaked, yet grateful at heart in the ceaseless drench
As the drinking fells that had thirsted so long sun-parched
With a drouth that only the heavens in spate might quench.
Down slack and bottom, rejoicing, the waters raced;
Each peat-brown runnel was lashed to a creamy froth;
With the sound of their singing our blood was asurge, and chased

The sullen, black sloth from our hearts and the shadow of wrath.

No longer we fumed and fretted, imprisoned and pent;
But blithe, and supple of sinew we strode through the ling,
At one with the vagabond clans of heather and bent,
At one with the deer-foot kind and the fugitive wing:
Green-plover and golden-plover and curlew and snipe
That flashed through the rain, the bickering grouse that whirled

From our feet, and the heron upsoaring with harsh, squawking pipe—

A warlock voice from the slumber of ages stirred—
The rabbit that scuttled before us, the league-footing hare
That shot from her form with tawny and rain-sleeked coat,
The lithe, brown adder that darted across the bare
Whin-boulders, the slinking red fox, and the weasel and stoat

That scurried to cover; the shaggy, horned, blackface sheep
That huddled against the dykes on the bleak brae-tops,
The sturdy young ram on the scar that crested the steep
Shaking the rain from his fleece in a sparkle of drops:
These were our kindred; for these draw the heather-born heart

With memories more old than the alien, grey cities of men;
And ever about us, before us, they hover and dart
As we trudge o'er the pavements unending, in exile again.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DE SENECTUTE

I

A UNIQUE and endless charm belongs to the "De Senectute" of Cicero. He tells us that the writing of the book had been so delightful that it not only removed the disagreeable incidents of Age, but made it a joyous luxury. The finest lessons of the Stoic Philosophy effloresce in that booklet. If happiness be sought within, nothing (he says) that Nature has made inevitable can be considered an evil; but he notes that while all of us wish to attain to old age, most of us grumble when we reach it. He asks in what sense the advance of time is then more rapid than it is in youth, or early manhood? and whether age would be less disagreeable if we reached eight hundred years than it is at eighty?

How well, and with what calm persuasiveness, he deals with the charges commonly brought against Old Age—viz., that it withdraws us from active pursuits, that it makes the body feeble, that it takes away from us physical pleasures, and leads on to death—is well known to every reader of his essay. A brief epitome of his reasoning, however, may be of use to those who are not familiar with it.

Age, he admits, does withdraw us from many active employments, but not from those of the intellect. Old people cannot do what the young accomplish, in physical action; but in mental affairs, in character and in wisdom, they may perform much more than their juniors can achieve. It was because of their age—their seniority—that the members of the Chief Council of the State were convened in what was called a "Senate." Then our memory may be strong when we are old, if it is properly exercised: and wisdom, in giving advice to others, whether as to public or private affairs, may increase with the advance of years. We should not therefore mourn when we are deprived of the bodily strength of youth. A selfish athlete may lament that he can then perform nothing as he used to do; but that complaint cannot be made by an intelligent worker with the brain, or the heart.

Cicero tells us that he wrote this essay in his eighty-fourth year, but that his physical vigour was not gone, still less was his work in the Senate-House ended: and he preferred being a young-old-man for fewer years to being an old man before his time. In looking back he had this happy retrospect that he had never denied himself to any one as a man pre-engaged, or too engrossed to see a stranger. He had learnt to enjoy what was his, while he had it; and, when it had passed from him, or left him, not to wish for its return. Besides, it could not possibly return, if he wished it. To each period of life, and to every kind of experience, something appropriate was annexed by the laws of Nature, which are never to be forgotten by us.

The course of our life is fixed, and can be run only in one way, and once only; while to every stage of it, there is something specially appropriate. He refers to the one-sidedness of childhood, the aspiration of youth, and the wisdom of old age. Each and all are good in their season. Besides, if physical vigour leaves us in age old men are not expected to show it. They are exempted from those duties which cannot be performed without it; and are not only not obliged to do what they cannot, but are not obliged to do all that they can. Some things we cannot do, not because we are old, but because of physical illness. But illness is not peculiar to old age, and both mind and body, alike in youth and age, require fit nourishment, and exercise; else—as lamps without oil—they go out. Then it is to be noted that a young man may be worthy of admiration if there is something of the old man in him; and similarly the aged deserve honour if they retain something of the spirit of youth. If we aim at this, while we grow old in body, in mind we never will; and,

if we keep up our intellectual activity in the midst of advancing years, we do not perceive the approach of age when it steals upon us.

Then, Age is to be honoured by us if it lessens our love for the pleasures of the senses, which must still remain with us, but are wisely moderated more and more; while friendship takes the place of conviviality, and we live together for the sake of good fellowship, and not for the vulgar enjoyments of the table. He was thankful to old age for increasing his love of, and desire for, conversation; and for lessening his relish for eating and drinking.

In addition, he tells us that his love of Agriculture, the delights of farming—appreciating and dealing with the Earth in its productiveness—the rearing of crops and vines, husbandry of all sorts, gardening and flower-culture; that all these were a veritable joy to his old age. He thought that Agriculture might be a special delight to old men; and that every one might take part in it; working with their own hands—as even Cyrus did—to secure and increase its efficiency. In a charming subsection he enlarges on this, asking to be excused for his garrulous praise of it; and giving many choice instances from the past to show how agriculture, and the joys of country life, had gladdened the men of other days.

Next, there are certain influences which Old Age comes to wield, and the consequent honour paid to it, which should not be overlooked. Many faults cling to it, which are not there by right; fretfulness, fidgetiness, ill-temper, and avarice; but they are present in us only *de facto*, not *de jure*. They are the faults of character, not of the time of life, and they admit of some excuse. But what can be more absurd, or even contradictory, than avarice in old age? What can be more foolish than to wish more journey-money, when there is less of life's journey to be taken?

Then, there is the certainty and speedy arrival of Death which torments so many people. But what a dullard he must be who has not learned, during his life, that this is not a thing to be feared. If the event of death extinguishes the soul, it is to be disregarded. If it only sets the soul free, it is to be welcomed and desired. Death is the appropriate ending of life; and the best joys of old age are the memories left by life before death comes. If it be according to Nature that we should die, why should we regret it? Why not be as mariners sighting land, full of gladness and expectancy at the end of a long voyage.

But some may say: why then not end life at once? and get to the destined haven, before the vessel sails slowly into it? But no. The date of our arrival is not for us to determine. God has arranged it. The laws of Nature, which are his laws, have settled it. It is ours to acquiesce. To have an easy mind as to our death is a lesson which youth should learn before age is reached, and which our manhood ought fully to master; else there can be no successful work, or progress, in life.

Then, said the aged Cicero—drawing his "De Senectute" to a close—I don't see what should hinder me from giving you my own opinions as to death, which seems to me to be clearer, the nearer I approach it. I believe that our fathers—illustrious men and dearest friends—still live, and have a better life than this of ours, that once was theirs. Besides, so long as we are shut up within the body we do laborious work, assigned to us for a time. Our souls, which are of celestial origin, are buried for a season in these bodies on the earth. They live here in a region which is opposed to their divine origin, and alien to their immortality. They are descended from another source, from the universal divine Essence and Intelligence. I used to be taught what Socrates said on the immortality of man about the very last day of his life: and I believe, from the quick movements of the soul, its keen memory of the past, its forecast of the future, its vast knowledge, and its discoveries, that it cannot be mortal. Besides, the soul is indivisible; and, if it cannot be divided, it cannot perish. And again, when we learn things with speed in infancy, we are surely not learning them for the first time;

we are recollecting them by memory. But it is when freed from all bodily admixture that the soul becomes truly wise; and then, as in sleep, we reveal ourselves. We are also able to forecast the future; and this shows us what we may expect, when we are quite free from the fetters of the body. The clear bright soul sees that when it dies it is about to start for a higher realm.

I confess that I do not understand this life, nor do I regret having been in this world; but I look on my departure as the leaving of an inn, not as the going away from my home.

Thus ended the essay on Old Age by the distinguished Latin statesman and philosopher, Cicero.

After this ever-memorable treatment of it there was no discussion of the subject in Roman literature, so inspiring or helpful to posterity. Nor was there anything written upon it by the mediæval schoolmen, or the modern English and French essayists more adequate for all time. I do not refer to suggestions brought forward by philosophers or divines, as to the continuance of life under happier conditions than the present, to reasoned arguments on the subject of the immortality of the soul; but to essays and addresses on the period of Old Age, as compared with that of Youth and Manhood, with the consolations of experience, rather than of hope, superadded. Doubtless there are many allusions to the subject in the discussions of the rarely erudite schoolmen in the centuries of their pre-eminence, and in the homilies of the Greek and Latin Churchmen; while we have an essay, full of wise aphorisms, by Lord Bacon entitled "Of Youth and Age," and one by Emerson on "Old Age"; but it seems strange that the subject has not been oftener dealt with on the lines in which Cicero presented it.

I do not presume to offer a new "De Senectute"—on the ancient lines—or to write a modern one that is fully adequate. It may be possible, however, to reach one or two fresh points of view, from which the outlook is satisfactory, if not absolutely clear; and in this—as in so many other matters—the poets help us, quite as much as the philosophers or the theologians.

No one has written better on the subject than Robert Browning, who in the first lines of his "Rabbi Ben Ezra" strikes the key-note of all our modern thought on the subject:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'"

He notes our kindredness "To that which doth provide and not partake, effect and not receive." If "Nearer we hold of God Who gives, than of His tribes that take," we may surely

"welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go."

He finds comfort in the paradox that our life succeeds "in that it seems to fail." What he "aspired to be, and was not," comforts him; and the test he proposes to the body is this: How far can it project the soul on its lone way? Although, in the present life, the soul does not "help flesh more . . . than the flesh helps soul," he now summons age "to grant youth's heritage"; so that he may

"pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ."

But it is only when youth is ended, that we can try our gain or loss thereby.

"Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold . . .
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old."

He now feels that all he could never be, all that men ignored in him, that he was worth to God. The entire dance of mundane circumstance is just machinery meant to give our souls their bent, to "try them and turn them

forth sufficiently impressed." And so, if Age in its retrospect approves of Youth, our death will complete the same.

All this is wrought out by Browning even more completely in his "Abt Vogler." It lies at the very heart of his "La Sassiass." It is the pivot round which "Christina," "Evelyn Hope," and "The Last Ride Together" turn. But there are other grounds on which we may "summon age to grant youth's heritage," as Browning put it.

One of the best things not easily learnt in youth is to know what we can do without; and be no losers by the want of it, but gainers on the whole. In our earlier years, and during adolescence, it is natural to wish to accumulate all sorts of things, and equally natural to wish to retain what we possess. This almost universal desire is not only laudable, it is necessary. It is the spur to all endeavour. At this stage even the collecting mania has its temporary uses for all of us. We hunger to obtain what others do not possess, what is valuable and commercially rare, perhaps even priceless. Without the slightest taint of miserliness, we may have the occasional joy of contemplating what became ours, with the thousand happy associations of our collecting days. But a time comes when this desire has spent itself; and, as the collecting passion dies away, the collector comes to feel (if not to say) *Cui bono?* What boots it all this toil? What is the gain? and who is the gainer? Or, he may give up one kind of collecting for another. He may renounce china-ware for pictures, or ancient coins for books; and perhaps one class of books is sent to the hammer in the collector's lifetime, in order that he may concentrate more closely on another set, or become the belated proprietor of a sole existing copy. The collecting maniac may find that a particular book is out of his reach; but this only whets his appetite for further efforts, in auction-rooms, or by correspondence, similar to those which incite the natural-history specialists in their latest craze. This too may go on for a time, but at length the lesson—the superlative lesson—is learned by the wise, that treasures external to us are for ever changing; that the possessions which endure are all within, and that the best thing we can say to ourselves in reference to the former is, "What amongst them can we do without?" Not that our old collections—the gathered riches of past years—are now disesteemed. But they are surrendered to others, transferred to them by gift or purchase, and the owner, who was accustomed to call them his own, feels a new proprietorship in being disencumbered of outward possessions. To have a minimum is now preferred to being endowed with a maximum; and the divine paradox is gradually understood—and cheerfully acquiesced in—"having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

It would seem that the true nature of possession cannot be fully learnt until old age is reached, and that is just when it is about to be laid down. We then see that what we have was always changing, that it was never the same to us for a year, or a month, or a day, or an hour; but that—while external possessions vanish—we may possess the more because of that very loss. The German motto, which suggested one of the great pictures of George Frederick Watts, "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have," contains within it one of the profoundest truths, which may be stated thus in simpler words. We must give away, in order that we may retain.

But I am not writing a homily. I am only trying to state an ethical truth, and to explain a moral paradox. In the light of many sayings of the Stoics, and of the scribes of all ages, I maintain that to know what we can do without is one of the most joyous lessons of age. It enables one to rise unencumbered, that he may meet and fulfil the duties of the hour, without a thought of amassing anything; but rather of parting with what he has, to bestow it upon others. I maintain that the latter is a more joyous experience than the former, and that it may be defended on eudæmonistic or utilitarian grounds; that it is the outcome of what is now the fashion to call a wise collectivism, while the former is individualistic, but un-

wisely selfish; and I place it amongst the benign lessons of old age, which it is very hard to learn in youth or manhood.

Allied to this there is a new sense of proportion in our estimate of things, which we may gain in Age. Things, as well as persons, drop into their right relationships one with another, when they are seen more truly as they are, down the vistas of the past; as well as when they are stripped of illusion, under the burning light of the present. It is not only that there are reversals of former judgment; but that what once seemed of immense importance—things which no one could do without, which were almost a necessity of existence—are readjusted in relation to us; while their absence, or their presence, is seen to be of very little real moment. And this experience is reached without a touch of cynicism, or of pessimism in our judgments. It is quite true that the old illusion of things being necessary to us was one of the noblest springs of action in youth. As already stated, it was a constant spur to fresh endeavour, in laying up a store against the possible wants of the future. But with the new wisdom of age there is a fresh knowledge of the needlessness of hoarding.

Some other aspects of this subject will be dealt with in a future article.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

[Professor Knight's *Causerie* will be concluded in our next issue.]

FICTION

Saints in Society. By MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS. (Unwin, 6s.)

WE congratulate Mrs. Baillie-Saunders unreservedly—on her £100. Her story is interesting, and it is written with a kind of rough power, but it does not come within a thousand miles of being literature, while considered as a picture of modern English life it appears to us to be frankly farcical. It is, briefly, the story of a Labour leader of marvellous eloquence, a printer by trade, married to a Cockney girl of his own class. At first Mark Hading appears to be sincere, and you are made to feel that his wife, with her slatternly ways and taste for music-halls and finery, will drag him down. Success comes, the House of Commons, the flatteries of "smart" society, enormous wealth derived from newspapers, and behold the positions of the husband and wife are reversed. Chloris "skips" the middle-class stage altogether: she is promoted straight from Walworth to the great world of politics and society. Her only preparation is the influence of Dorcas Deane, a sweet and good Mission woman; some lessons in deportment from a broken-down gentleman; and a few passing words from a delightful, country-bred baronet. Mark is taken up and financed by Lord Henry Wade, the wealthy younger son of the Earl of Listower (Mrs. Baillie-Saunders apparently imagines, not only that the younger sons of earls bear the courtesy title of Lord as the daughters have that of Lady, but also that their eldest sons sit with them in the House of Lords), and Mrs. Hading is naturally introduced to these people. Lord Listower is an ex-Ambassador, while as for his wife, "she had not been Lady Adeliza Theresa Tilney Rochmane for nothing, and the daughter of a Duke, and a line of such." Yet the whole family is astoundingly vulgar. Referring to Mrs. Hading, Lord Henry—who is supposed to be the very type of fastidious refinement—says to his sister, Lady Veronica: "She'd go to a Borough Council drain-pipe squabble if she could see a baronet's boots for half a minute." Could anything be more blatantly "out of the picture"? And Lady Listower is actually made to "snort" at a Court at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders is rather fond of the word: "He snorted at the very idea. Reformers often snort." Very likely; but ladies do not. The development of Mrs. Hading's character is artlessly done. A typical girl of the people would not expand on

those lines. Mark becomes a marvellous journalist, runs a great newspaper "combine," takes to morphia and motor-cars and Lady Veronica, and ultimately dies, leaving his widow to marry the country-bred baronet. Mrs., or rather Lady, Hading—for her husband becomes a baronet in the last act—is even more unreal. When her husband "funks" an unemployed meeting in Trafalgar Square, she addresses the crowd in his place and propounds a wonderful scheme of her own, the glory of which he naturally appropriates. We like her better when she is mothering little slum-children. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders is, of course, a devotee of the split infinitive; and we feel a faint curiosity as to what meaning she attaches to the word "anthropomorphic" in the sentence, "Claude . . . writes woolly pamphlets on anthropomorphic man." Some considerable time seems to have elapsed since the human race first earned the right to this comforting adjective.

Barbara Rebell. By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES. (Heinemann, 6s.)

ONCE more Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes takes us into a world of high politics and aristocratic people, and once more she makes of them a very interesting novel. There have come down to us from the days of our grandfathers stories of people of wealth and greatness who were so great as to be able to dispense with ordinary respectability. Such cases, too, are not uncommon in the life of to-day, but the heroism of them, and the curious unauthorised fidelity with which two such people can remain true to each other through life without the sanction of the law or the church, seem to belong to an older and more direct age than the present. Such was the *liaison* between Lord Bosworth and Barbara Sampiero. The lady was married to a scoundrel, who would not divorce her; she remained Lord Bosworth's wife in all but name for the greater part of her life. Barbara Sampiero's god-daughter, Barbara Rebell, was also married to a scoundrel; they separated, and she fell in love, for the first time in her life, with James Berwick, a rising young politician. The whole question of the novel is—will these two follow the example of the elder generation, or will they keep apart? Their story is so well and so sympathetically told that we feel the very keenest interest in that question. Mrs. Lowndes makes no attempt to raise partial sympathy with people who at least have it in their minds to fly in the face of religious and social law. There is no puling about hardship, no outcry against awkward conventions. We are simply given the case on its merits, and asked, for the sake of our interest in human nature, to follow it. The solution is the perfectly right one: Berwick and Barbara come to the point of meeting in his villa in France with the distinct intention of settling down together—and then Barbara's recollection of her mother, and Berwick's very subtle understanding of what Barbara's feelings really are, draw them apart again. We confess that many times when reading the book we trembled with apprehension lest Mrs. Lowndes should be going to put a wrong ending, but the apprehension was unjustified; and later, when Barbara's husband dies and Berwick sacrifices an enormous fortune in order that he may make her his wife, we are gratified by the rightness of taste that has settled everything in accordance with human nature and the laws of the characters we have been studying. There is more breadth and largeness about Mrs. Lowndes' work than about that of any other woman novelist we can think of, and "Barbara Rebell" will certainly add to her reputation.

Because of Jock. By E. L. HAVERFIELD. (Allen, 6s.)

AFTER the villages of Goldsmith, of Gray, of Gilbert White, of Mrs. Gaskell, of Jane Austen, and of Miss Mitford, the villages of Miss Haverfield. "Badmanstow" was genuine stuff: the narrow intellectual horizon, the rustic humour, the little episodes which bulk so largely in the life of the villager, all were delicately and sympathetically touched in. But the people in "Because of Jock" are unreal people, their actions are incredible, and there is

nowhere even a suggestion of humour. Miss Haverfield has followed too closely in the steps of writers like Mrs. Burnett Smith and Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, and her marionettes merely gyrate without illuding us. Jock MacLeod and Cecil Thornton are the type of man which all good boys should strive to emulate; "Fan" is the type of woman which all good girls should despise.

The Sword of Gideon. By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON. (Cassell, 6s.)

FEW writers of romance are so careful as to their local colour as is Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, and few writers of romance succeed in giving us such readable, interesting and historically valuable stories. Throughout "The Sword of Gideon" one is continually coming across little signs of care and research, little touches which mark the studious worker, and with it all this story of Bevil Bracton and the girl he sought to release from beleaguered Liege in the days when John Churchill was Earl of Marlborough, and had not yet met and conquered Tallard at Blenheim and Villeroi at Ramillies, is one of the most stirring romances of love and war that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has given us. Bevil Bracton had been an officer in the Cuirassiers, but had been "broken" by William III. for duelling. With the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession he had sought out his relative Lord Peterborough, "Mordanto" as friend and foe alike called him. But Peterborough could do little beyond recommend him to seek out and escort from Liege to some place of safety, Sylvia Thorne, a rich English girl who had been long resident in the Netherlands. The adventures he goes through make brave reading.

Captain Maroon. By ROBERT STEWART. (Nash, 6s.)

A FEARSOME, bloodthirsty villain is Captain Maroon—as bold, bad and brazen a villain as you could encounter amid whole shelves full of ferocious fiction. A younger son of the turbulent Cornish family of Poltheric—a house whose favourite toast is "To death with thy boots on"—he has assiduously cultivated a thorough-going, stick-at-nothing hatred of his elder brother, Sir Ferdinand, and in seeking to gratify it he sets the ball merrily rolling. For after attempting to run away with Ferdinand's wife, and incidentally losing his nose to brotherly prowess in the remonstrances that follow, he finally succeeds in murdering him; and (a pretty touch this) staying but to wipe the blade across his victim's face, he seeks and gains the window, the haystack, and, last of all, the lugger which are all necessary to his escape. In effecting this, he has been helped by one David Treherne, an honest, reluctant yeoman whom he has bound by an oath ("tremendous," "far-reaching," "blasphemous") to his service; and in the end poor David is compelled to forsake an honest life on land for a shameful life on the sea. But worse, far worse, is to follow. Years have gone by, and David, escaped, as he hopes, from the toils, is sitting one fine evening with his wife and stripling son in his happy cottage-home by the Forth, when there is a muffled sound of oars in rowlocks, a scrunch on the shingle, a "throaty" voice on the breeze, an uncanny face at the window, and—"now hath this hell-hound returned," intent on carrying off not only the father but the son too upon one last piratical venture. In the recital of the upshot, which he entrusts to young Treherne, Mr. Stewart has sacrificed quality to quantity of incident. Had he really given the rein to his imagination in such matters as the towing of a brave man for the sharks, the walking of the plank by a ship's crew, or the scuttling of a prize full of people, he might at least have left a gruesome high-seas picture or two upon the memory; but life is so swiftly and profusely poured out aboard the nameless brig that flies the Jolly Roger that it all leaves us totally unimpressed. And why do we find continuous and stilted archaisms of language in a tale of the time of frigates, sloops-of-war, and letters of marque?

The Wanderings of Joyce. By E. M. DEVENISH. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THE story of Joyce's wanderings in search of the man she loves is very interesting for about half the volume; it is even touching in parts, though she is not an attractive woman. The author is cruelly insistent upon her faults, and never permits the reader to forget that Joyce is the daughter of a Spanish dancer of no morals, that she is hard, insensitive, tells lies so easily that falsehood appears like truth, accepts money from the man who loves her to use in finding the man she loves. Yet she is not a commonplace character nor is her story commonplace, as Miss Devenish tells it. In spite of the glaring defects that mar the narrative it arrests attention; but it is hampered and confused by a mass of irrelevant incidents, and the whole book shows a strange mixture of childishness and shrewdness. There is cleverness, and abundance of good material of the kind that promises well for future efforts; but the present volume cries out for the experienced hand wielding a blue pencil—or even a penknife. The story starts well with a storm upon the Welsh coast, in which Geoffrey Considine disappears, deserting the wife of whom he is weary, and his friend Joyce, whom he loves. Joyce is convinced that Geoffrey is not dead, and at the expiration of seven years, when his wife marries again, she buys a wedding ring and calls herself Mrs. Considine (just what a romantic schoolgirl would do), and sets out to find Geoffrey. Her wanderings take her to America, and she gives us pictures of life upon a farm, of life in a convent, in a boarding-house, and scenes in the slums of New York, where she witnesses a murder, and meets her mother, the notorious "Dol" the dancer. No tale of this sort is complete without a faithful lover in the background. Peter Brandon is always ready to sympathise with Joyce's disappointments and fill her purse, and look for happier days for himself. "The Wanderings of Joyce" has interested us so much in spite of its faults that we hope to see Miss Devenish's name upon the title-page of another book that will do more justice to her ability.

THE DRAMA

SIR HENRY IRVING

WHEN the owner of a great reputation passes away, it is often futile to ask for the cause of that reputation, but it may generally be found in the combination of three qualities. Ability is the first, but there have been many very able men who have achieved no reputation at all; beneficence which inspires affection is the second, and yet it is a truism to say that many a man has been loved who has never been great, and the third—which we hesitate to describe as the principal element just because we are unable to define it—is that personal force, that mysterious impression of power which certain people carry with them. Sir Henry Irving's ability no man could doubt; but a phrase that has been used many times in connection with it: "he would have succeeded in any walk of life" seems to show—if it be true—that Sir Henry was not by nature a great actor. As a rule, the great artist is a man of whom it may be said that outside his art he is of little use, and, in the case of actors especially, the temperament required for the work is so peculiar that it unfits people for the ordinary walks of life. To say, therefore, that Sir Henry Irving would have succeeded in anything he chose to take up is tantamount to saying that it was only by concentration of all his abilities on the line of work which he deliberately chose that he attained his eminence as an actor. Had he chosen to be an electrician or a barrister, he would have succeeded by the same means to the same extent. But, after all, when we come to examine the point candidly, it was not as an actor at all that Sir Henry Irving did his best work. That he was a supremely interesting actor, a supremely intelligent actor, no one could think of denying.

As his physical and mental power were above those of the ordinary good actor, so was his achievement; but, did his claim to fame rest only on "Matthias," on "Charles I.," on "Becket," or on "Corporal Brewster," it would be a much smaller claim than that which is so triumphantly vindicated at the present moment. Nor does it rest on what was, perhaps, strictly his most important achievement with regard to the stage—that is his stage-management. It must not be forgotten that there lay what was finest, newest and most essential in his artistic career. How lamentable a state of things prevailed before his entrance into management is well known to all students of the drama, and well within the personal recollections of some living men. The change began—so far as a date can be assigned to these things at all—with the management of the Bancrofts at the old "Prince of Wales's Theatre." What they and their advisers did for comedy, Henry Irving did—and did far more completely and thoroughly—for tragedy and drama. He came into prominence at a time when a kind of renaissance in art had already begun to affect a certain number of people. The early Victorian and the mid-Victorian were passing away, and men were casting their eyes back to the more beautiful work of earlier ages. Sir Henry, with the great man's power of taking advantage of all things, swept up that artistic Renaissance into his net; he transferred South Kensington and all that it implied on to his stage, and at the same time he had a regard for accuracy which enlisted the sympathies of the scholars. He came in upon a rising wave of culture, and, by taking advantage of it, he vindicated the claim of the dramatic art to be considered a sister of the other arts. There was all the difference between a revival by Charles Kean—painstaking and well-intentioned as Charles Kean's revivals were—and a revival by Henry Irving. The revivals of the one appealed to the intellectual world as an exception; when they had passed away, Henry Irving began afresh to prove that dramatic art of this kind should be not the exception, but the rule. So it came about that from being the home of a despised and debased mummery, the theatre became only one of a number of new temples of art that were rapidly rising throughout the country.

Even so we have not yet accounted for the immense reputation of the man who was chiefly instrumental in working this great reform. His beneficence helped to a certain extent. There was hardly a member of his own profession whom he did not assist with advice or money or both, with the lavish bounty of a man made on a bigger scale than themselves. There was an army of railway porters, cabmen, theatre assistants and other humble folk ready to die for him. He was surrounded, as it were, by a bodyguard of staunch friends, who consciously or unconsciously did their best to spread about the world the fame of the great and beneficent man. But it needed more than that to preserve throughout his long and very active career his immense popularity and his immense reputation. The world of culture had taken him seriously; it squabbled over his performances and filled his theatre. A world of gratitude and affection surrounded him wherever he walked: but still his unique position is not accounted for. How was it that a man who constantly throughout his career ignored the modern drama and was out of touch with the stirrings and advances in the playwright's art throughout the greater portion of his life continued to be looked up to as the head of his profession?

It was partly, of course, that by transforming the status of the drama he had transformed the status of the actor, and had done a very great share towards removing the reproach from a profession which had never really deserved it. But that is the actor's point of view, not the public's. We are driven back to the fact, unexplicable yet undeniable, that Henry Irving was a great man. It was as if the personal influence which he exercised over the footlights night after night radiated through the world, convincing everybody—even those who did not agree with his rendering of such and such a part or his treatment of such and

such a play—that this man was not as other men were, that he had something in him of a divine force, a super-human genius which set him apart from even the ablest and most beloved of his fellows. Years will go by, and our descendants, looking at the tomb of Henry Irving in Westminster Abbey, will be able to tell each other that he produced such and such plays, published such and such versions of Shakespeare, did such and such things in his reading of characters. They will not understand in the least what Henry Irving was to us, who knew him either personally or only as actor and stage-manager. For when a great man passes away, the memory and the effects of what he did are but a little portion of what he was.

FINE ART

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

It is quite easy to dismiss the painters of the New English Art Club as men who cannot draw correctly, to say of them as the amiable president of the Royal Academy said of Whistler, that they are artists who have not had the patience and diligence to master the technique of their profession. But such a judgment is merely an indication of a very profound and thoroughgoing misunderstanding of the aims and resources of modern art. It implies, for one thing, that the artist is a worker whose province is simply that of dressing out a given, ready-made subject, wrapping it as it were in a cover of "correct technique," much as the shopman wraps a herring in a sheet of last night's newspaper. But if there be one thing that is clear and certain in the very difficult domain of aesthetics, it is that subject and technique, form and matter, cannot be separated in this cheap and easy way. Subject and form are not two things that exist apart, like the herring and the newspaper, and are only brought together as the result of a series of accidents. You cannot train up a man to become an adept in "real painting, as such"—to use Ruskin's expression—or in "correct" draughtsmanship or "good" technique, without regard to the particular subjects he is to treat and the particular kind of effects he is to produce. Or rather, you can do this, as the Royal Academy schools and the Science and Art Department have proved, but that it is not a desirable thing to do is amply demonstrated by the exhibitions at Burlington House and elsewhere.

It has often puzzled superficial observers to discover some bond of unity in the successive exhibitions of the New English Art Club and in the works of its particular members. That there was no common tendency in favour of any particular kind of subject or of any one standard of execution was obvious enough. But that chaos had come again was not a justifiable conclusion, although it was an inevitable one to an observer still under the dominion of the dualistic habits of thought and common sense. So long as we keep subject and treatment apart in our thought as two things that can get on quite well in isolation, we are bound to find nothing but anarchy in the developments of modern art. But when we begin to realise that subject and technique are only two different aspects of the same thing, that the "what" and the "how" of a work of art are really inseparable, we begin to find significance and order where once we had only seen disorder and perplexity. All the revolutions and secessions that have taken place in the artistic world during the last seventy years have been efforts to free the painter's and sculptor's craft from the trammels of an external, irrelevant, and meaningless standard of execution, and to bring form and content into an organic unity.

In this process of development the New English Art Club has played a prominent and honourable part. For a period of nearly twenty years it has successfully resisted the temptation to standardise either the subject-matter or the methods of expression of any one set of artists. The

reproach that has so often been brought against the Club, that it has failed to prescribe any particular class of subjects or any particular method of expression, is really a splendid tribute to the artistic integrity of its management. For it means that its members have resisted the temptation to impose their own ideals and methods on others, that they have sought to train up not slavish imitators but equals and rivals, and that they have deliberately chosen as colleagues men with something of their own to say, who have had as a necessary consequence an individual way of saying it.

The present exhibition, which is held in the galleries of the Alpine Club, Mill Street, Maddox Street, is one of very great interest: the veterans do themselves justice, and the younger men have gained in power since the club held its last exhibition at the Egyptian Hall about twelve months ago. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's four contributions consist of two water-colours and two oils. The water-colours—two views of Chepstow Castle (107 and 119)—are characterised by the sobriety of colour and the summary, masterly handling that have given Mr. Steer a place apart among modern water-colour painters. His first oil picture (8) is a landscape singularly vivid and convincing as a study of light, but it does not reveal the artist's talent in any unfamiliar way. The figure-subject, *Morning* (86), must however be classed among the most delightful and complete of the artist's works. It is one of those scenes which Mr. Steer has been searching for all his life, but has seldom found: a scene of ordinary life caught in a new and unexpected aspect—one of those rare moments when familiar objects blossom into unfamiliar beauty. It was one of these rare discoveries that the artist's first masterpiece, *Jonquils*, celebrated. Compared with the earlier work, *Morning* shows a distinct gain in subtlety of vision, in power of design, and in mastery over the oil-painter's material, while it has also that indefinable stamp of finality that only those fortunate works in which the union of intention and execution has been happily consummated, possess.

Among the best of the landscapes in oils are Professor Brown's *Road by the Cliff* (13) and *West Country Dell* (22); Mr. Muirhead's powerful *Woodland Landscape* (78); Mr. Mark Fisher's *Sheep-fold, November* (76); Mr. Walter Russell's charming study of sunlight, *By the River* (53); and Professor Holmes' *Bude, Thundery Afternoon* (29). Mr. Roger Fry's *Bridge at Balleroy* (17) comes within an ace of being a great work: the middle distance and distances are superb in design, but the solemn rhythm of the foliage is marred by the poverty of the base of the design—by the dull straight line in the foreground, whose baldness is emphasised rather than relieved by the poorly designed group in the centre.

Mr. John S. Sargent's solitary contribution, a *Lamplight Study* (82), is apparently an early work, and it does not seem to have worn well. At any rate it does not possess anything of that sensational vividness which often goes far to atone for the absence of serious qualities in this popular portrait-painter's work. The interest of the figure-subjects is therefore centred in the works of two of the youngest members of the club, Messrs. A. E. John and William Orpen. Of Mr. John's achievement it is assuredly too soon to speak either in praise or censure; he is still only half conscious of his own aims, and as a consequence his methods are to a large extent experimental. But that he has great talent and that his works are provocative and disquieting is incontestable. His life-size portrait study, *Flora* (28), makes no attempt to gain the suffrages of the crowd by smoothness of handling or prettiness of design or colour. The modelling of the face is erratic, but it would be rash to condemn the lack of consistency in the construction of the planes as a fault of technique. Had Mr. John's aim been merely the reproduction of an optical impression, as was no doubt the aim of Signor Mancini's *Portrait* (25), which hangs close by, this spatial incoherence would certainly have to be considered a defect. But Mr. John is too ambitious to be satisfied with so paltry an aim.

As it is, the wilfulness of his modelling, the brutality of his handling, the consistent unloveliness of his colour all conspire to express that mood of hopeless despair and restless gloom in which the artist's soul seems plunged. In the *Mother and Child* (3) the colour is even more actively offensive and the design more eccentric; but the workmanship, though erratic, is powerful and free, and there is no doubt that the generally uncomfortable and pessimistic effect of the picture has been deliberately planned. In *Cupids and Nymphs* (96), Mr. John rouses himself from the gloom in which he prefers to dwell, and abandons himself to the delights of the flesh. The draughtsmanship is astonishingly expressive and the handling wonderfully dexterous, but the picture is hardly one for the fireside. Of Mr. Orpen's talent one can speak with more confidence. His *Lottie of Paradise Walk* (74) is more restrained and coherent than Mr. John's portraiture, but it is at least equally powerful and impressive. His subject-picture of two actors waiting for their cue (97) appealed to many visitors at the private view as one of the best pictures in the exhibition. The subject is scarcely an exhilarating one. The bare expanses of scenery that dwarf the waiting figures into insignificance seem haunted by the ghosts of human aspirations, and the patiently waiting figures become types of the futility of human effort. The apparent impassiveness of the artist's manner only heightens the weird and haunting quality of the work.

Turning now to the drawings and water-colours, it is good to find that an artist of Mr. Muirhead Bone's capacity has not failed to take advantage of the pictorial opportunities afforded by the Regent Street alterations. Few Londoners can have passed unmoved before the dismantled arches of St. James's Hall during the recent summer months, and many will be grateful for such impressive records as Mr. Bone's two drawings (Nos. 113 and 117). His pencil-study of workmen swarming over the front of the Egyptian Hall bent upon their work of destruction (111) is also imaginative and thoroughly artistic. Mr. Francis Dodd seems to have caught something of Mr. Bone's secret of investing purely topographical subjects with poetry and romance. His two drawings, *Our Lady of Victories, Kensington* (66), and *East Acton* (125), show how the most unpromising subjects can be made to yield their harvest of beauty in the hands of a genuine artist. Mr. N. S. Lytton's *View of Cairo* (38) shows a praiseworthy attempt to go back to the thoroughly sound methods of the earlier topographical draughtsman. *The Hospital at Mortain* (114) and the *Clock Tower of St. Catherine's, Honfleur* (124), two delightfully fresh drawings by Mr. MacColl, the blithe colouring and design of Mr. Fry's *Balteson* (105), and Mr. Rich's sober drawings all help to make this exhibition one of the most memorable which the club has held during recent years.

A. J. F.

MUSIC

LISZT: THE ROMANCE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF HIS LIFE—II

"HAPPY he who knows how to break connections before they are broken," wrote the master to George Sand. This piece of philosophy may seem selfish enough, but the explanatory remarks which follow somewhat modify its cynicism:

"On the artist particularly," says Liszt, "it is incumbent to set up his tent only for the time, and to settle nowhere permanently. Is he not always a stranger among men? Whatever he may do, wherever he may go, he feels himself at all times an exile. It is as though he had known a purer sky, a warmer sun, and better things. . . . *The artist stands alone.*"

Genius, in fact, is driven by the inevitableness of its own nature from one camp-fire to another; constancy being perhaps the only moral quality which it finds altogether

too burdensome for its pack. In Liszt's case, too, the spirit of his wild land, the true home of the gypsy, gave an added imperiousness to that instinct of freedom which makes many artists nomads among the emotions of life. But the universality of his sympathies in some measure atoned for his universality of affection. One quality in particular endeared him irresistibly to those who surrounded him; to all he was ardently and delightfully responsive. Custom never dimmed his pleasure in the smallest act of worship or attention; he continued to be grateful for, and in some measure surprised by these to the end of his life. The humblest little daisy among his pupils found him quite as genial a luminary as did the proud garden rose. To his friends he was a model of steadfastness. Befriended in his early youth by Czerny, who taught the gifted child for nothing, he himself in his conduct to others amply justified Wagner's panegyric many years later: "If it is noble to have a friend it is still nobler to be a friend . . . let me say you are a friend!"

Above all things Liszt was loyal. Schindler once dragged Beethoven, against his will, to hear "the little Liszt" perform. It was his second public performance, at the age of ten or eleven. Beethoven was moody and recalcitrant at first, but in the end, carried away by the child's fire and earnestness, the old lion scrambled hastily on to the platform and embraced him. To the sensitive boy this little episode seemed his formal consecration to music, and throughout his career he continued to interpret Beethoven's compositions, and enforce them on his audiences, even at a time when public opinion esteemed them such irritating innovations that Cherubini said openly in the Paris Conservatoire: "Les dernières œuvres de Beethoven me font éternuer."

So, too, the bond between Chopin and Liszt, during those years when the two youthful geniuses were supposed to be rival stars of aristocratic salons, is one of the most beautiful in the romance of music. Each had a warm and genuine enthusiasm for his friend. They were inseparable—working, writing, thinking and playing together; even appearing simultaneously in those drawing-rooms where their marvellous gifts seemed less to rival than to complete each other. Writings of the day abound in descriptions through which these two personalities are easily recognisable, though sometimes thinly veiled by a pseudonym. When Georges Sand speaks of "an angel of exquisite countenance, of a form pure and pliant as that of a slender woman—a youthful god of Olympus," we see before us Chopin, whose ethereal appearance foredoomed him to an early grave. "Wild, electric, heaven-storming and volcanic" was Heine's comment on Liszt. Probably the poet spoke of him at the piano; in society the Hungarian virtuoso's whole bearing was so dignified and his expression so impassive, that in conjunction with his curious pallor, it earned for him the sobriquet of "*profilé d'ivoire*."

More assured, more magnetic, if less sensitive and poetical than Chopin, Liszt during his long life made many friends, among whom appear such apparently incongruous names as Georges Sand, L'Abbé de Lamennais, Alfred de Musset, Berlioz, and Wagner.

"Always rely upon your Liszt," he wrote to Wagner, who indeed had good cause to do so. In another letter to this composer, he signs himself: "Your doppel-Peps—*alias* double extract de Peps—or, double-stout Peps, *con doppio movimento sempre crescendo al ffff!!*" (Peps was Wagner's faithful and most beloved dog.)

And here is an extract from Wagner's letter in return:

"If you only knew what divine traces you have left behind. Every thing has grown nobler and milder—greatness dwells in narrow minds. . . . Farewell, my Franz, my holy Franz. Farewell, dear, dear Franz Your Richard."

Geniuses of the twentieth century—always supposing it should produce them—will not write to each other in this strain. It is "farewell, dear, dear Franz," indeed, and also farewell, Richard. But let us rejoice in the few links which remain to connect our own epoch with that of these ridiculous, heroic, extravagant, sublime, great men

There are people in Brussels to this day who can remember Liszt's last appearance there, at the *Cercle Artistique*. How his name being one to conjure with, an immense audience filled the little concert-hall to overflowing. How the hearts of all present throbbed with expectancy, while the moments slipped by and a great storm rose over the city, and beat and boomed against the windows, and still Liszt delayed. How just as all was black with tempest, the doors flew open, and the master strode in upon the whirlwind, as it seemed, snowflakes still floating round the great fur cloak which, with a single gesture, he unfurled and swept under the piano; while almost at the same instant seating himself, he struck two mighty chords—and broke the wires. Luckily another instrument was forthcoming, and then what music ensued! "Liszt," said Prince Karadja once, "*c'était le dernier mot du pianiste*." The length, strength and suppleness of his fingers, "those fingers which seemed to have three times as many joints as any one else's," and his control of his musical temperament, stormy and passionate though it was, gave him complete command of his instrument, and this double mastery everywhere ensured a third—namely, that over his audience.

In the concert-hall Liszt was king. But, curiously enough, of the many pupils formed in his school, none in any way rivalled its great founder. Tausig, his favourite, died young. Rosenthal still lives, and is perhaps the best exponent of his methods, together with Sophie Menter, of whom he said that she alone had learnt from him "what cannot be taught—the singing hand." But even these are eclipsed by disciples of the Viennese school. Liszt's compositions, full of exaltation though they are, cannot seriously compete with those of the great masters. Played and conducted by himself, they seemed to reflect his brilliant personality; now that he has gone from us, these too unaccountably disappear from our more thoughtful programmes. Like sparks in the train of a comet, they once helped to illuminate the world, then vanished in that ellipse whose path upon the firmament cannot be traced.

E

[The first article appeared in THE ACADEMY of October 7.]

CORRESPONDENCE

"VALLOMBROSA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Dr. Tyrrell, writing on Bacchylides in your issue of 7th inst., thinks that, had one not known better, one would have sworn Milton was copying Bacchylides. I submit that, as regards the ghosts coming to Hercules "thick as leaves . . . on Ida" (Bacchylides) and "in Vallombrosa" (Milton), Vergil (*Æn.* vi. 309-312), plus acquaintance with Italy, its literature, and its landscapes, could have suggested the Vallombrosa simile. In the "Nekuia" of Homer (*Od.* xi. 34) there are simply *θρενα νεκρῶν*. Vergil improved Homer with his "sharp snap of the fall of the leaf," and Milton perfected the Master Mantuan. Inferior to the English poet is Dante's (*Inf.* xviii. 28) "Come i Roman per l'esercito molto, L'anno del Giubbileo," etc. Vallombrosa itself is "valle dolorosa," "ove mai non si scolpa," (*Par.* xvii. 137), the undiscovered country of "ombre dannate"—if we idealise it. Milton is Dantesque, if not Petrarquesque, as well.

October 10.

H. H. JOHNSON.

DE FOE IN BRISTOL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In to-day's ACADEMY I read that "It was in Bristol that Defoe interviewed Selkirk seven years before he began to write 'Robinson Crusoe.'" I am continually reading similar statements, but so far I have never met with any proof that the meeting took place. Not long ago a writer on Bath literary associations claimed that Bath was the place of meeting. I challenged him for proof, and his only reply was that he relied on "a tradition that, like many others, has from repetition crystallised into fact." Of that sort of tradition we have abundance in Bristol. The "I say ditto to Mr. Burke" is a conspicuous example. The De Foe and Selkirk meeting is another. There was plenty of published material for De Foe's imagination to work upon without interviewing Selkirk. Captain Woodes Rogers, a Bristol mariner, had published his journal of the cruise of the privateers *Duke* and *Dutchess* in 1712. "Robinson Crusoe" appeared

in 1719. And in the meantime other writers had dealt with the story of Alexander Selkirk's experiences. It seems fair to assume that De Foe would have been well acquainted with the story years before he turned it to account. There is reason to believe that he spent some time here hiding from creditors, but I know no trustworthy authority for saying that he met Selkirk either in Bristol or any other place and obtained from him an account of his adventures. Such a meeting was not necessary to the production of "Robinson Crusoe," and the probabilities are all against its having taken place.

October 14.

CHARLES WELLS.

FAVOURITE BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent "G.W.," referring in the current number of the ACADEMY, to "The Egyptian Wanderers," "Duchenier," "Theodora Phranza," asks: "Why are not these delightful stories republished?" May I point out that these books have been reprinted, and now appear, together with nine other stories by the late Dr. Neale, on the S.P.C.K. list?

October 17.

EDMUND MCCLURE,
Secretary.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Tennyson. Illustrated by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. Bell.
Cartwright, Julia. *Raphael*. Popular Library of Art. Duckworth, 2s. net.
Harwood, Edith. *Notable Pictures in Florence*. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Mitton, G. E. *Jane Austen and her Times*. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.
The Hatsfeldt Letters. Translated from the French by J. L. Bashford. Murray, 15s. net.
Wood, J. Hickory. *Dan Leno*. Methuen, 6s.
Haile, Martin. *Mary of Modena*. Dent, 16s. net.
Rumbold, Sir Horace. *Final Recollections of a Diplomatist*. Arnold, 15s. net.
Trollope, Henry M. *Life of Molière*. Constable, 16s. net.
Life Story of Fred Stubbs. By T. L. Christian Commonwealth Co.
Armstrong, Sir Walter. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*. Popular edition. Heinemann, 15s. net.
My Life. A record of events and opinions. By Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, 25s. net.
The Life and Writings of St. Patrick. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: Gill.
Dudden, F. Holmes. *Gregory the Great*. His place in history and thought. 2 vols. Longmans, 30s. net.
Life of Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Andrew Clarke. Edited by R. H. Vetch. Murray, 15s. net.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Romance of Mining. By Archibald Williams. Pearson, 5s.
The Wallypug in the Moon, or His Badjesty. By G. E. Farrow. Pearson, 5s.
The Golliwog's Fox-hunt. By Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton. Longmans, 6s.
Steady and Strong. By various writers, 5s.; *Willful Cousin Kate*. By L. T. Meade, 5s.; *The Boys of Badminster*. By Andrew Home, 5s.; *Chums in the Far West*. By Everett McNeil, 3s. 6d.; *The Girls of St. Gabriel's*. By May Baldwin, 3s. 6d.; *That Little Limb*. By May Baldwin 2s. Chambers.
A King's Comrade. By Charles W. Whistler, 5s.; *Smouldering Fires*. By Evelyn Everett-Green, 5s.; *The Ghost of Exlea Priory*. By E. L. Haverrfield, 5s.; *In Northern Seas*. By Evelyn Everett-Green, 3s. 6d. Nelson.
At Flood-tide. By Mary Debenham, 6s.; *Three Little Cooks*. By Lucy Crump 2s. 6d.; *The Brown House and Cordelia*. By Margaret Booth, 6s.; *A Trombone and a Star*. By C. T. Podmore, 6s. Arnold.
The Schoolboy Abroad. By Ascott R. Hope, 5s.; *The Head of Keys*. By P. G. Wodehouse, 3s. 6d. A. & C. Black.
Mr. Punch's Children's Book. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Punch Office.
Little Folks Christmas Volume. Cassell, 3s. 6d. and 5s.

FICTION.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. *Barbara Rebell*. Heinemann, 6s.
Keating, Joseph. *Maurice*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
Graham, Mrs. Henry. *The Tower of Siloam*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Baker, James. *The Inseparables*. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Le Queux, William. *The Spider's Eye*. Cassell, 6s.
Cripps, Arthur S. *Magic Casements*. Duckworth, 2s. net.
Whishaw, Fred. *Moscow*. Longmans, 6s.
Cox, Sir Edmund C. *John Carruthers: Indian Policeman*. Cassell, 3s. 6d.
Montgomery, K. L. *Love in the Lists*. Unwin, 6s.
Baillie-Saunders, Margaret. *Saints in Society*. First Novel Library. Unwin, 6s.
Shaw, Bernard. *The Irrational Knot*. Constable, 6s. (See p. 1094.)
Jacobs, W. W. *Captains All*. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
Rosegger, Peter. *I. N. R. I. A Prisoner's Story of the Cross*. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
Duncan, Norman. *The Mother*. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
Le Feuvre, Amy. *Bridget's Quarter Deck*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
Egerton, George. *Flies in Amber*. Hutchinson, 6s.
Knowles, R. E. *St. Cuthbert's of the West*. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 6s.

HISTORY.

The Emancipation of Egypt. By A. Z. Translated from the Italian. Chapman & Hall.
Boiasier, Gaston. *Rome and Pompeii*. Translated by D. Havelock. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE.

- Lang, Andrew. *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot*. Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.
 Oswald, Eugene. *The Legend of Fair Helen as told by Homer, Goethe and others*. Murray, 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Trident and the Net*. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper, 7s. 6d.
 Symons, Arthur. *Spiritual Adventures*. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.
 Schooling, John Holt. *The British Trade Year-book, 1905*. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
 Adams, Thomas. *Garden City and Agriculture*. Introduction by H. Rider Haggard. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.
What Nelson Said. Compiled by Hugh Stokes. Caxton Press, 6d. net.
 De Wit, Augusta. *Java: Facts and Fancies*. Chapman & Hall, 14s. net.
 Howarth, William. *The Banks in the Clearing House*. Effingham Wilson, 3s. 6d. net.
 Reinsch, Paul S. *Colonial Administration*. The Citizen's Library. Macmillan Co., 5s. net.
 Heisch, C. E. *The Art and Craft of the Author*. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.
Book-Prices Current, 1905. Elliot Stock.
 Carr, C. T. *The General Principles of the Law of Corporations*. Cambridge: University Press, 7s. 6d.
Poultry Farming. By "Home Counties." Murray, 5s. net.

POETRY.

- Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*. Freely rendered from literal translations by Richard Le Gallienne. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

- Disraeli, Benjamin. *Lord George Bentinck*. Introduction by Charles Whibley. Constable, 6s. net.
 Gosse, Edmund. *Modern English Literature*. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.
Sir Roger de Coverly, and other essays from the "Spectator". Illustrated by H. M. Brock. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
Gesta Romanorum. Translated by Charles Swan. Revised edition by Wynnard Hooper. The York Library. Bell, 2s. net.
 Murray, David Christie. *Rainbow Gold*. Newnes, 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- Morrison, G. H. *The Unlighted Lustrae*. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
 Stevens, George Barker. *The Christian Doctrine of Salvation*. International Theological Library. Edinburgh: Clarke, 12s.
 Nicoll, W. Robertson. *The Garden of Nuts*. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
 Bowne, Borden P. *The Immanence of God*. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
 Mallock, W. H. *The Reconstruction of Belief*. Chapman & Hall, 12s. net.
 Clarke, Charles Langton. *The Eternal Saviour-Judge*. Murray, 4s. net.
 Welsh, R. E. *Man to Man*. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.
 Waggett, P. N. *The Scientific Temper in Religion*. Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Phillipps, L. March. *In the Desert*. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.
 Moncreiff, A. R. Hope. *The World of To-day*. Vol. III. Gresham Publishing Company, 8s.
 Serrao, Mathilde. *In the Country of Jesus*. Translated by Richard Davey. Heinemann, 6s. net.
 Merzbacher, Gottfried. *The Central Tian-Shan Mountains*. Murray, 12s. net.
 Hooper, James. *Nelson's Homeland*. The Homeland Pocket Books. Homeland Association, 2s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

MESSRS. SEELEY AND CO. have issued a new edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful book on *Oxford* (6s.). The edition has fifty illustrations reproduced from drawings or etchings by J. H. Lorimer, Alfred Dawson, Toussaint, Brunet-Debaines, Ernest Stamp, Lancelot Speed, T. H. Crawford, R. K. Thomas, and Joseph Pennell, and there are one or two rather charming drawings to which no artist's name is given. The book itself is too well known to need discussion now; the present edition makes a very pleasant gift-book.

From Messrs. Longmans we have received a new edition at 8s. 6d. net of Mr. A. F. Pollard's *Henry VIII.*, which was first published magnificently in 1902 by Messrs. Goupil with a number of illustrations. The new edition, which is neat, serviceable and well printed, will enable the ordinary reader to make acquaintance with a most valuable contribution to the historical study of a vexed time and a disputed character.

We have on our shelves two new editions of Swan's translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*. One is edited by Mr. E. A. Baker for Messrs. Routledge's "Early Novelists" series (6s. net), the other is Wynnard Hooper's edition, reprinted in Messrs. Geo. Bell's "York Library" (2s. net and 3s. net). Somehow Messrs. Routledge's large and solid book seems a better format for the *Gesta* than Messrs. Bell's dainty little thin paper volume; Mr. Wynnard Hooper's edition is a good one, and, as is well known, he improved a little upon Swan, restoring some of his omissions, correcting some of his mistakes, and in particular (as in the famous Tale xxviii.) deleting Swan's additions. Mr. Baker writes an interesting preface, and his volume contains Swan's notes complete, the other editions omitting some of them. Both editions publish Swan's Introduction in full, and draw attention to the effect upon his theories of the work of Hermann Oesterley.

Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish. By Dr. Arthur Mahler, in collaboration with Carlos Blacker and W. A. Slater. (Hutchinson, 6s. net.)—A series of suggestive remarks and illuminating comments on

the chief masterpieces at the Louvre might very well form a volume of interest to the connoisseur and of real value to the uninitiated tourist. Dr. Mahler and his fellow workers, however, appear to have other aims, and more ambitiously attempt to give a summarised history of Italian and Spanish painting, illustrated by such works as are to be found in the Paris collection. The result is not altogether happy, for though their joint effort is full of information of a superficial kind—the sort of information which any student can extract for himself from Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters"—the limitations of even so fine a collection as that of the Louvre render it quite impossible to give many of the greatest painters their due without going outside the gallery with which the book purposes to deal. The authors, accordingly, are continually forced to stray beyond the subject or risk conveying to their readers a false idea of the relative importance of certain masters. In the case of the Italian painters the latter alternative is generally avoided by digressions, however brief; but insufficient consideration of Spanish paintings outside the Louvre has led the authors into underestimating certain painters and overestimating others. The statements that El Greco "was apparently half mad, and repels rather than attracts"; that Zurbaran "was, *par excellence*, a painter of monks"; and to regard all the works of Goya as "executed in a vein of caricature," seem to indicate acquaintance with their works insufficient to warrant the passing of a verdict. A nice discrimination between the relative merits of the masters is not the strong point of a volume which may assist many to talk about paintings with an air of knowing more than they do, but is scarcely calculated to assist any reader to a better understanding of the technical beauties and higher qualities of any work of art. The illustrations are numerous, but too much reduced and too indistinctly printed to do more than remind one how inadequately they represent the originals.

The *Jewish Literary Annual* for 1905 has just been published for the Union of Jewish Literary Societies by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson, the Honorary Secretary, and contains several interesting articles. Mr. Lucien Wolf writes on Anglo-Jewish Literary Ability and has a number of well-known, if not supremely famous names to mention; and another paper of interest to readers other than Jewish is a very able psychological study of the Jew by Miss Buena Pool, B.Sc.

A travel-book of exceptional interest is *Everyday Life Among the Head-hunters and other Experiences from East to West*, by Dorothy Cator (Longmans, 5s. net). Mrs. Cator is the wife of a man who is, or was, in the British North Borneo Government, and she travelled with him and lived where no white woman had ever been before, both in Borneo and Africa. Mrs. Cator writes simply and straightforwardly, just, we should imagine, as she talks; and her book is not only chatty and amusing, but contains some very fresh and clear-sighted comments on government, civilisation, foreign missions, etc. She spent some time among the Muruts, and can contrast their morality favourably with that of her own people. They are murderous and bloodthirsty savages—true; but in other respects they could give England a good example. As to the missions: "In Sandakan alone I should be afraid to say how many copies [of the Bible] were bought up by the Chinese store-keepers, because it was the cheapest form of paper, and just the right size for wrapping up tobacco!" And again: "Ten thousand Bibles in ten thousand Pagans' hands sounds so well; and the people at home who, in all good faith, send out the missions don't realise that that the Bibles are no more use than ten thousand copies of the Koran written in Arabic would be to ten thousand of our English poor people." Mrs. Cator's book is illustrated with a large number of excellent photographs.

Readers of the Rev. E. J. Hardy's former works, "How to be happy though married," etc., will know more or less what to expect when they open his *John Chinaman at Home* (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net)—a simple-minded, chatty and amusing work. But that is just what they will find. Mr. Hardy made good use of his years of service as Chaplain to the Forces at Hong Kong. He travelled as much as he could, and observed wherever he travelled—not so much questions of policy, government and religion, as the everyday life and the little details a knowledge of which is of great help towards mutual understanding between peoples. His book is handsomely issued and fully illustrated.

In Messrs. Blackie's "English School Texts" we have received: Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*; Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*; *Sinbad the Sailor*; Kingsley's *The Heroes*; Washington Irving's *Companions of Columbus*; *The General History of Virginia*—Book iii.; Borrow's *Stories of Antonio and Benedict Mol*; the first and second chapters of Macaulay's *History*; Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle and other Sketches*; Robert Orme's *The Black Hole of Calcutta and the Battle of Plassey*; Napier's *Battle of the Peninsular War* (2 vols.)—Salamanca, Siege of Burgos, Vittoria, Siege of San Sebastian, Coruña, Talavera, Badajoz; Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*; Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*; Boccaccio: *Tales from the Decameron*; Lamb's *School-days, and other essays*; Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*; *Early Voyages to Japan*; Francis Drake's *The World Encompassed*; Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*; Borrow's *Gipsy Stories*; Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. Edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse these books are all good school texts and excellent gifts for school-boys.

The latest volume in Messrs. Valentine's "Shire Series" is *Picturesque Yorkshire (York and the North Riding)*, by William Andrews. Mr. Andrews has a quantity of good material, in the histories, literary association, etc., of a most interesting district, and he tells his story clearly and well. The illustrations from photographs are quite exceptionally well made and reproduced, and the work is pleasantly printed and well got up.

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